

"THIEF"

by

Michael Mann

The Michael Mann Company/Caan Productions

This script is not for publication or reproduction.
No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost
or destroyed, please notify script department.

Return to:

THE MICHAEL MANN COMPANY, INC.
c/o Paramount Pictures Corporation
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, California 90038

THIRD DRAFT

February 4, 1980

"THIEF"

by

Michael Mann

The Michael Mann Company/Caan Productions

This script is not for publication or reproduction.
No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost
or destroyed, please notify script department.

Return to:

THE MICHAEL MANN COMPANY, INC.
c/o Paramount Pictures Corporation
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, California 90038

THIRD DRAFT

February 4, 1980

"I am cruising day and night in a brand new Caddy convertible. I'm wearing \$150 slacks, silk shirts, \$800 suits, a watch loaded with diamonds and a perfect 3 karat ring with no visible means of support. And you ask how I make a living? Baby, I am a thief."

"THIEF"

BLACK SCREEN.

TILT DOWN TO:

1 EXT. WEBSTER STREET CORNER PHONE - FRANK - DAY 1

The haze and rain of winter weather is incandescent. The phone light irradiates the frost on the clear plastic from his breath. He uses the phone as protection from RAIN. A little jumpy, he looks out at something. We don't know what. He wears a gray leather coat. His hair is wet.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WEBSTER/DIVISION STREET - WIDE - DAY 2

Streets are wet. Winter trees are midnight black. In the distance -- in the storm -- is a lone figure, hands deep in topcoat pockets.

3 CLOSER - FRANK 3

on the sidewalk watching from another angle.

4 OVER HIS SHOULDER - BROWN BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING 4

across the street down the block. The elm trees in front are whipped as the wind rises. People coming home from work race for doorways. As Frank watches, we don't know who he is. We don't know why he's looking at this building.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BLACK ELDORADO - FRANK'S POV - SAME BUILDING 5

but pebbled by heavy rain. He watches from inside the car, now. Closer. He gets out. Through the pebbled windscreen we SEE him turn up the collar of his coat and enter.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BUILDING - REAR SHOTS - FRANK - DAY 6

up stairs.

CUT TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT - VI - DAY

7

BUZZER. VI rushes from the bedroom pulling a bathrobe together at the SOUND of an ENTRY. A baby CRIES.

VI

Who is it? Who's there?!

... and sees Frank. The TV is BLASTING.

VI

(continuing; off guard)

I thought you're working... ?

The living room has chrome Onkyo receivers and Betamax TV's and clock radios, silver swirl mirrors and a vinyl bar. Lots of cheap chrome appliances. Frank has entered his own apartment.

8 TWO SHOT

8

APRIL cries O.S. Vi didn't expect Frank. She's a great-looking trashy broad with white hair, a blue rinse. Something else is going on.

VI

Forget something you need for work, dear?

FRANK

(beat)

I thought you're out getting your hair done?

(beat)

Why's the baby crying?

April cries louder.

VI

(shrieks to April)

Shut up!

(hisses at Frank)

I know about you!

FRANK

(half to himself,
quietly)

... this is not the way it's
supposed to be.

VI

I know what you been doing!

FRANK

Oh yeah? What have I been doin'?

VI

I figure it out. Al's? You weren't there last night. I checked. You weren't out buying cars and working so goddamn hard at night. You're out screwing the broads! Some whore on the side you're balling, aren't you?

FRANK

(laughs)

You're crazy. You don't have a clue what I do at night.

Then it falls off. Franks pushes past. Vi's scared.

INT. BEDROOM - FRANK

moves through, enters bedroom. April cries louder. The TV BLASTS.

VI

(shrieks)

You cheating rat bastard. You son of a bitch. You're out getting laid. Every night!

She shrinks back. Frank rips into the closet.

CLOSER - ROY

in trousers only, is between the clothes and wall.

ROY

Ohmigod. Ohmigod.

Vi drops to the floor. Her robe falls open in the f.g....

VI

I am bathed in the Blood of the Lamb of the Lord Jesus! Dear Jesus, I am... I am paying her back! I'm paying you back. That's all!

Vi shrieks as Frank whips Roy across the room by his neck. He crashes upside down into the wall. He falls off the bureau.

HANDHELD : TWO SHOT

Frank picks Roy off the ground and bounces him off more walls, knocking over chrome kitchen chairs and appliances.

He throws him through the house on the installment plan as Vi shrieks, as:

FRANK

(back to Vi)

I been true to you since the day we met! I never, ever, since we've been married, been out with another broad! 'Cause that's how it was supposed to be! I been busting my ass! I been doin' a bottle of Bennies a week to keep goin' working day and night! I am popping \$1400 a month for the funny farm you got this joint turned into so you can get your hair painted blue in the beauty shop every day with your mother, who's so Goddamned dumb she can't boil water, taking care of April instead of you. And you got the balls to think I'm out snaking around with the broads!!

12 INT. HALLWAY - HANDHELD - FRANK

12

throws Roy -- screaming -- over the bannister down the stairs and ignores him.

13 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - FRANK

13

returns, hearing April cry from her bedroom crib.

FRANK

You rotten fucking bitch! With April here yet!

VI

(shrieks)

Fuck April! I didn't want the kid!
You wanted the kid!

Vi is suddenly fear-struck at what she said. She knows Frank will kill her.

14 FRANK

14

steers her gently -- as if she were wet -- through the kitchen, to the door.

FRANK

I take April. She stays with me!
You are completely unfit! You
don't give a damn! You are out!

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

You, your mother, your boyfriend
stick your face in front of me,
or try to hurt or grab the kid:
they find you belly up inna lake.

15 INT. HALLWAY - FRANK

15

whips her out of the apartment and throws her at Roy.

FRANK

And you, you stone jagoff!
Congratulations: you just got
yourself a broad!

Frank slams the door.

16 INT. APRIL'S BEDROOM - FRANK

16

takes April from the crib into the adjacent bath and
rinses her off in the bath with the shower hose calming
her down...

FRANK

Yeah. There ya go. I gotta get !
you a pet turtle and stuff. How
would you like that? Huh? And
our own house. With a swing. And
a dog. And trees 'cause they
rustle at night a lot. Huh?

He holds his daughter wrapped in a towel in the white
tiled bathroom.

CUT TO:

..

17 INT. SALT AND PEPPER CAFE - FRANK - TWILIGHT

17

in a leather jacket in bright light. The exterior and
interior is white ceramic tile. Under the "El" tracks,
it is the cafe in Hooper's painting. Frank's at the
counter. He keeps looking out the window up at his
apartment.

FRANK

Coffee.

COUNTERMAN

Coffee... ? Whaddya got? A
hollow leg.

FRANK
(throws a dollar at
the Man)
Just the coffee, junior.

Counterman shuts up and pours. The ashtray and demolished newspaper says Frank's been there awhile.

CUT TO:

18 INT. FRANK'S NEW APARTMENT - APRIL'S ROOM - MRS. B. - 18
NIGHT

in rocking chair, turns: Frank entered. Place is empty. White.

FRANK
... how's it now, Mrs. B.?

MRS. B.
Fine, Mr. Frank.

FRANK
I get some curtains and a rent-a-TV. You know.
(unrolling bills)
You get hungry, order delivery or whatever you want. Use the security chain though...

MRS. B.
(reassuring)
Sure. Okay.

FRANK
Hey, kiddo...

Frank picks April up and kisses her. He looks at her: a miracle of regeneration.

FRANK
(continuing; to Mrs. B.)
Look at that face, huh?
(beat)
She's into animal cookies. She'll boost a whole box off you...

19 MRS. B.

19

knows Frank's checking her out. She looks sure and competent.

MRS. B.

Mr. Frank. You're checking up.
Don't worry! Okay? Us girls are
getting along just great.
Everything's fine and dandy.

FRANK

Okay.

(smiles; kisses April)

Okay, kid; Daddy's gotta go to
work, now.

Frank out the door. HOLD MUSIC.

20 EXT. SECOND APARTMENT (LINCOLN AVENUE) - FRANK - NIGHT 20

Eldorado driven by BARRY enters and picks him up. PAN
180 degrees as car whips away under the "EL" track into
the rain. HOLD MUSIC.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ALLEY - BLACK NIGHT

21

TILT DOWN INTO a black canyon. A narrow fissure be-
tween 20-story high downtown walls: the rears of
buildings. Fire escapes are like black lace. Wind-
blown rain. At the bottom is a black Pontiac with
steamed windows. JOSEPH, a large, older man in a
mackinaw is SEEN dimly in the back seat. Colored
lights play on his face. They're from...

CUT TO:

22 INT. PONTIAC - A BEARCAT 210 FREQUENCY SCANNER -
NIGHT

22

and two other radios are on the car floor. We HEAR
fast BLASTS of police RADIO TRAFFIC and that of two
ALARM companies. Joseph's monitoring the "air."

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ALLEY - TELEPHONE POLE - ILLINOIS BELL JUNCTION
BOX - NIGHT

23

A mass of color-coded wires lead out. TILT DOWN the
spaghetti confusion TO a cardboard box that says
"Ivory Soap" on the side.

24 BARRY STRATAGAKIS

24

28, tall, monitors the confusion of wires, meters and telephone gear. The gear's industrial, not slick. We don't understand its function. Barry's alert, sharp. His hair's soaked by the rain. It's cold. He blows on his hand. An O.S. WHINE becomes...

CUT TO:

25 INT. VAULT AREA - FRANK - NIGHT

25

... SHRIEKING METALLIC NOISE. Frank pushes on a...

26 MILWAUKEE TOOL COMPANY AUTOMATIC DRILL

26

with a 10" diamond studded, hollow core bit. It cuts a hole in a heavy metal door. It's mounted on magnets like a horizontal drill press.

27 DRILL

27

cuts out.

28 FRANK

28

hits the door. A 10" disc drops off. Frank's in a stained shop coat. The rim smokes. The penlight in Frank's teeth reveals:

29 THE HOLE

29

internal tumbler and relock mechanisms.

30 FRANK

30

hands move faster than we can see. Frank slides them aside. He reaches in. The door is to a vault. It swings open.

CUT TO:

31 INT. VAULT - GLYCINE SLEEVES - NIGHT

31

contain unmounted diamonds.

32 DIAMONDS

32

refract light into blues and yellows that bounce inside their facets.

- 33 FRANK 33
dumps these into a sack, ties it, stuffs it into his shirt. He's thrown aside trays of mounted jewelry as if junk.
- 34 EXT. ALLEY - FRANK - NIGHT 34
coming out with the tool bag. Fast. The WIND HOWLS.
- 35 BARRY 35
walks from the Ivory Soap box, leaving the bypasses intact.
- 36 PONTIAC 36
pulls up. Frank throws the tool bag inside. It ROARS away.
- 37 FRANK AND BARRY 37
cross through a narrow passageway. Frank bundles up the shopcoat.
- CUT TO:
- 38 INT. 1976 PONTIAC GRAN AM LTD ON WABASH - NIGHT 38
Car's metallic blue. Frank and Barry fall in out of the rain and pull out, turning right and enclosing themselves within the black girder-work of the El tracks.
- CUT TO:
- 39 EXT. CAGE BRIDGE - PONTIAC 39
over the black Chicago River through the wind into dark wasteland of cartage warehouses, depots and foundries.
- 40 PONTIAC 40
passes CAMERA, circles and comes back. Barry throws open a garage door. Frank pulls into the "drop."
- CUT TO:
- 41 INT. DROP - WIDE - NIGHT 41
Frank cuts the engine.

41 CONTINUED:

41

It's an industrial garage. (Work benches, tools, a drill press, heliarc welding gear and an Oldsmobile are inside.) Barry kills the lights. They're out the door.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ALLEY - FRANK'S BLACK ELDO - NIGHT

42

Frank and Barry strip gloves and strip overalls into out of the THUNDERSTORM and pull away. Headlights. Wet, black, walls. They alley's empty.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. FARWELL PIER - FRANK - DAWN

43

walks the jetty -- black and narrow into the lake's flat pewter. A band of red is the sun in Michigan. An old black FISHERMAN'S near the end, his gear in shopping bags. Frank walks to the end carrying a coffee-to-go that steams. He has a bag of rolls.

FISHERMAN

... Mornin'.

FRANK

What to it, Captain...

FISHERMAN

Coldt! Mackerels run where it's coldt.

Frank sits at the end, swings his legs on the edge like a kid. The sun bends the horizon line and then breaks through. Liquid. It's still. He drinks his coffee.

FRANK

Wanta Danish?

FISHERMAN

Yeah. Thanks.

FRANK

Look at that, huh?

FISHERMAN

That's magic. That's the Sky Chief, man. That's what that is.

(long pause)

Ain't that Sky Chief sumthin'?
Huh.

Frank's face is washed with gold light.

43 CONTINUED:

43

The sky behind is electric blue and faraway. This is Frank's moment of satisfaction, of mastery, of having put everything back in order.

44 EXT. ROCKET USED CARS - TRACKING WITH ASTRO AL - DAY
in a silver spacesuit and fishbowl space helmet...

AL

... power steering. Power brakes.

Electric antenna. Tinted windows.

Five-way power bucket seats.

(beat; turns)

For you, Baby Blue, \$2,995.

Beat. New car. FOCUS to REVEAL a city block-sized high energy car lot with cinderblock garages in back.

CUT TO:

45 INT. ROCKET USED CARS, SALES OFFICE - FRANK

45

throwing on his cloth trenchcoat. He wears a gold Rolex and a three carat diamond ring.

PAULA

(Frank's secretary)

Coffee?

FRANK

(putting on coat)

Uh-huh. You get yesterday's title transfers from the Vehicle Bureau?

PAULA

Ralph's over collecting them. Then he had to stop about the Chrysler with the cracked block...

FRANK

(leaving)

When he gets back, I want the auction list for this week...

The office is dark, functional. Carpeted up the walls. People work quickly. It says high energy and growth.

46 INT. TERMINAL BAR AND RESTAURANT - WIDE - MORNING

46

NOISE OF VOICES, DISHES, LAUGHTER, short-order cooks BANGING STUFF, etc. It's busy and frantic and shiney inside. That's the flow... It's cold outside. Windows are steamed.

Frank moves through the early 50's mixed hip-working class and young attorney crowd at the door in a belted cloth coat and tie, a gold Rolex and a three karat diamond ring.

is 200 pounds of muscle gone to flab. He looks up as Frank enters and gestures to a waitress for coffee.

FRANK

(low)

Put your hand out.

Gags slides over the paper on the booth seat. Frank slips the stones from last night into the paper and slides it back to Gags.

looks down. He feels the weight, impressed. O.S. someone BREAKS A PLATE. APPLAUSE. More NOISE.

GAGS

(whispers)

All right!

(beat)

What do you make it?

FRANK

(low)

Fifty-nine-three karat emerald cut blues. Forty-karat and a half assorted. Wholesale. A third of the wholesale's my end, \$183,300.

Gags works out on a calculator. Then:

GAGS

(low)

Okay. Done. Tomorrow morning.

FRANK

Fine.

GAGS

Have someone swing by. There's these people wanna meet you. Stand-up guys.

FRANK

I don't wanna meet people. What do I wanna meet people for?

GAGS

Okay, okay. By the by: You wanna put some your end onna street?

FRANK

No. Barry will collect it. You down the bread to him. Tomorrow. Ten a.m.

Frank takes the check, drinks water, starts to leave...

GAGS

I'm not shitting ya! Double it in three months.

FRANK

My money goes in the bank. You put your money on the street.

Frank leaves through the multiplex NOISE and crowds as the cashier -- a 30-year-old sensuous woman named JOSIE. She's up-market for this place. They talk loudly over the NOISE as she comes on duty.

FRANK

(continuing; paying)

I thought you were on mornings?

JOSIE

(without looking up)

They switched me to noon to nine. How's the family?

FRANK

Family?

(shrugs)

But April's terrific! A year-and-a-half going on 25.

JOSIE

(looks up; warm smile)

Bring her in!

FRANK

(paying)

I can't bring her in here. With you? You'll spoil her for life!

Josie laughs. They like each other. We'll see her again. Frank passes through the crowd waiting to be seated at the door.

CUT TO:

in his open coat signing sales contracts for Paula who's on the phone calling engine i.d. numbers to the Vehicle Bureau. He finishes and goes through the mail. Frank reacts to one letter, pours a coffee and exits...

FRANK

(over shoulder)

Tell Barry to see me when he comes back....

gas service area where cars are prepped for the lot. Guys throw around tires and tools and shout over NOISE. An air hose, RAT-TAT-TAT. Frank crosses through...

MECHANIC 1

Hey, Frank, Frank, Frank!

FRANK

(cordial, but elsewhere)

Yeah. How are ya?

MECHANIC 1

What's to it, bossman?

walks through with a work order for the Service Manager.

MECHANIC 3 (V.O.)

(gravel-voiced)

Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy!

She reddens. It's a class joint. BLAST of laughter.

enters. A rusted crash-fence and litter and weeds behind a gas station across the alley. The latter on Joliet State Penitentiary stationery. In childlike printing:

FRANK

(haltingly, without punctuation)

'Dear Frank, nothing new ever happens around here. No, I don't need any money or anything. Go slow and EZ and keep knocking them dead.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I could never find the words to tell
you how proud I am 'cause you are
making your life happen like you
said and collecting your debt back
from society. And I know you're
pretty busy, but could you come up
'cause I gotta see ya. Your pal,
Okla.'

Frank unfolds his wallet to place the letter inside. A
tattered paste-up collage is there, too. He opens it.
There's a white house from a magazine. A cut-out
Cadillac is glued in front. Bits and pieces of trees
are drawn in with green Pentel. A small baby from a
Gerber food ad is near a woman -- mother -- staring at
us. Okla's face is there. It's weird. We don't know
what it means yet. Frank carries it with him wherever
he goes. Frank refolds it with the new letter and
pockets them.

53 INT. FRANK'S SECOND APARTMENT - WIDE - NIGHT 53

No one is there. Frank enters. It's as he left it:
alienating, lonely, stark. Frank crosses through. The
whiteness glares and diffuses.

54 INT. APRIL'S BEDROOM - FRANK 54

enters: April in her crib. Mrs. B. on a foldaway bed.

55 INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - FRANK 55

on the bare mattress.

56 FRANK'S POV - VERY WIDE - HANDHELD 56

Frank looks around. Everything is large and agrophobi-
ac. Too much space.

57 WIDE FROM THE FLOOR 57

Frank grabs a pillow. HOLD. Then he crosses to the
closet.

58 INT. CLOSET 58

It's the dimensions of a cell: 5' x 10'.

goes to sleep on the floor of the closet. Frank looks like a prisoner in a cell. Prison-like is familiar, comfortable.

60 FRANK'S POV - LIGHTBULB

60

hanging down from the closet ceiling.

FRANK (O.S.)
What the fuck am I doing?

CUT TO:

61 INT. BLACK ELDO - TRAVELING - FRANK - DAY

61

cruises the Gold Coast: Rush Street, Oak Street, etc. He drives with intent. The streets are alive.

62 FRANK

62

up the glare of Lincoln to Broadway. The hookers and pimps and bums and flash tourists: it all reflects off Frank. Frank whips around a slow driver.

CUT TO:

63 INT. TERMINAL RESTAURANT - JOSIE IN THE REAR - NIGHT

63

in high boots and an Air Force jacket, finishing her coffee with two waitresses at a back booth. Quitting time. Crowds are gone. Lonely cafe. Then Frank enters.

FRANK

Hey.

JOSIE

Hi. We're closing.

FRANK

What are you doing?

JOSIE

Waiting for my ride.

FRANK

C'mon. I'll take you.

JOSIE

Mary was...

FRANK

(smiles)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

(beat)

How 'bout some coffee? That spot
over the freeway?

FOLLOW out into Parking Lot approaching Frank's car.

JOSIE

How's the car business?

FRANK

The car business is fine. And I'm
becoming a big goddamn captain of
industry. I'm golden and glowing --
scoring like a champ. And I got
tickets for tomorrow night's hockey
game, too.

Josie laughs.

FRANK

(continuing)

I'm serious.

(laughs)

What do you think I'm kidding!

JOSIE

(smile falls off)

Maybe I should wait for Mary.

(explains; awkward)

... I don't have relationships.
No involvements.

FRANK

Nothing in your life you can't
walk from in ten seconds flat.
Right?

JOSIE

Yeah.

FRANK

How'd you get an attitude like you
got?

JOSIE

With great difficulty.

FRANK

Who wants a relationship? I don't
need a relationship. What I got
is an empty seat next to me in a
hockey game.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Besides. I... am like no one
you've ever known before.

JOSIE

C'mon...

FRANK

I am!

JOSIE

How?

FRANK

(wry)

I... am from another planet.

(beat; steers her
into car)

Planet X. When I got here, I had
to learn how to drive a car, work
a cigarette machine, all that. I
did not know what to do. What a
lady smelled like. How to talk
to a woman. You know?

Josie laughs. They're in the car.

64 INT. JOLIET STATE PENITENTIARY, VISITOR'S ROOM - HANDS 64
- DAY

folded. They belong to...

65 FRANK

65

he waits. A CLANGING NOISE. He looks up.

66 REVERSE

66

Prisoners are ushered in by guards and sit behind the
thick glass window. There is a screen for sound to pass
through.

67 AN OLD MAN

67

sits across from Frank. He could be his father. He's
OKLA -- 65, wizened, scraggly.

OKLA

How's it goin'?

FRANK

I'm doin' terrific. Every day's a surprise. But it's... real... fucking weird out there? Not like anything we figured out.

(beat)

On-the-make and on-the-take. Ev-ery-body! I take a score. Woman takes me aside. 'How much you want to whack out my husband?'

OKLA

You're kidding!

FRANK

Honest to God. Some of these people...

(beat)

I say: I can't talk now. Call me in the morning. I give her the phone number...

(beat)

... of the FBI.

Okla cracks up.

FRANK

(continuing)

How 'bout you?

OKLA

(beat)

How's the wife?

FRANK

Nothing's with the wife. I pulled the plug.

OKLA

(shocked)

What? What happened?

FRANK

I never told Vi I am a thief. I tell her I am at the car lot nights. A real rocket scientist, she figures it out: I'm out having affairs with fancy ladies. Right? Me. True Blue. Gets screwed-up...

OKLA

What are you gonna do?

FRANK

Put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

OKLA

April?

FRANK

She's with me...

(quieter)

Look: I met this chick. And she's terrific. And I don't know what to do? 'Cause she don't know I take scores either.

OKLA

Anyone know?

FRANK

Other than Barry and the fence, I got business with no one. It will take me three years 'til I get in a micro-millionaire and can boogie. Now, what do I do? Bullshit her along!

OKLA

Never lie. Who the fuck is she you gotta lie to? Somebody close? You'll ruin it with a lie.

FRANK

.(thinks, nods)

So I gotta trust her. I tell her. Okay. What did you want?

OKLA

(whispers)

Get me outta here.

FRANK

(low)

Eighteen months and you hit the street.

OKLA

Yeah, well, you know Dr. Yellin?

FRANK

That lu-lu bastard's killed more guys than the electric chair.

OKLA

(whispers)

I got angina something something. I ain't gonna last no year and a half.

(pause)

I don't want to die in here. Frank!

A BUZZER SOUNDS.

FRANK

(whispers)

You got it.

OKLA

You got to go, kid...

FRANK

(beat)

We'll drive out to New Mexico and
the Rocky Mountains. You, me,
Josie and the kid. The four of us.
How's that!

Okla smiles wryly and Frank quickly leaves.

CUT TO:

68

INT. ROCK-A-GO-GO LOUNGE - FRANK - DAY

68

behind the counter of the corner bar with the flashy
black glossy interior counting cash from the register
and pocketing it while on the phone. He owns the
place. A couple regulars are on stools.

FRANK

(into phone)

Where's Barry?

PAULA (V.O.)

(phone filter)

In a phone booth. He's been
calling. Three times. 532-4234.

INTERCUT WITH:

69

INT. COFFEE SHOP FOYER - PAY PHONE - BARRY - DAY

69

holds down the cradle and pretends to talk to keep the
line clear for Frank's call. Outside -- through the
windows -- are apartment buildings, heavy traffic and
flashing lights from emergency vehicles. The PHONE
RINGS. Barry releases the cradle.

BARRY

(into phone)

Hello?

FRANK

(into phone)

Where are you?

BARRY
(into phone)
... the hell you been?

FRANK
You make the pickup?

BARRY
I'm in a goddamn phone booth. Try finding one that works in this fucking city. I have not made the pickup. We got a problem. Can you talk?

FRANK
No. You see our '... man?'

BARRY
There is no 'man.' He's splattered all over the fucking sidewalk. Whaddyawanna do?

Barry's referring to the emergency vehicle lights flashing OUT OF FOCUS outside, down the block. An ambulance pulls away with SIREN. Another squad car arrives.

FRANK
He down the merch?

BARRY
I'm talking to somebody's somebody.
I will know in 45 minutes.

FRANK
(beat)
Get the work car and meet me at Armitage and Lincoln at 12.

CUT TO:

INT. BONNEVILLE GRAND AM - TRAVELLING - BARRY AND
FRANK - AFTERNOON

Barry drives.

BARRY
Gags was putting juice loans on the street. Right? For this lice, Attaglia. Gags was pocketing the principal and putting it back onna street for himself -- they went crazy... ba-boom!

FRANK

Gags down our merch?

BARRY

At the R.C. Bar. Paula saw it was
your money that was in Gag's
pocket when he went out the window.

Barry pulls in and parks in front of A&L Plating on
Ogden Avenue. A brown grim building among warehouses
and small smelters under a forest of water towers on
roofs. Frank pulls a .45 Colt Commander from under the
seat, checks there's a shell in the chamber and holsters
it in his waistband. Barry waits in the car.

CUT TO:

71 INT. A & L PLATING, RECEPTION ROOM - FRANK - DAY 71

enters. RECEPTIONIST behind glass. The inner offices
are like a vault.

RECEPTIONIST

(PA filter)

Can I help you?

FRANK

I would like to see Mr. Attaglia.
You've delivered some zinc plating
I had a lotta problems with.

Receptionist calls somebody else. After a moment of
animated conversation which we can't hear, a man named
Carl looks Frank over and nods.

RECEPTIONIST

(PA filter)

I'll buzz you in.

CUT TO:

72 INT. ATTAGLIA'S OFFICE - ON DOOR - DAY 72

Frank enters. VINCENT ATTAGLIA is a large businessman
in his late 40's. Frank crosses all the way to the
right of Attaglia's desk so his position covers both
Attaglia and the door.

ATTAGLIA

I'm Mr. Attaglia. You didn't get
a delivery or something? Sit down.
Zinc what?

FRANK

My name's Frank.

(sits)

That was bullshit.

ATTAGLIA

What is this?

FRANK

This is Joe Gags. \$183,300 of my money. We have this problem...

ATTAGLIA

What are you talking about?

FRANK

(reasonable)

He moved my merchandise which you can check. So the money in his pocket before he went out the window is my money... I want it.

ATTAGLIA

I don't know what you're talking about Mr. Frank a-la-la. Whatever. The guy died!

FRANK

Yes.

ATTAGLIA

His estate goes to probate? Take it up in probate court! Don't bug me with this shit...

FRANK

(beat)

I come to discuss a piece of business. And what are you gonna do? You gonna tell me fairy tales?

ATTAGLIA

Who the fuck are you, Slick? I don't know you. I don't know some clown named 'Gags'! Get the fuck out of here! Beat it!

(shouts to outside, stands, gets up; reaches for drawer)

Hey, Harvey!!

73

FRANK

73

simultaneously slams Attaglia's face with the heel of his hand, drawing the .45 with the right as he steps back into a Weaver stance three feet from Attaglia's face. Cold.

74

WIDE

74

Guard 1 and Carl.

Frank drops the Weaver, the .45 to the side, strong-arms Attaglia into the line of fire, snaps the .45 back into his face.

FRANK

(shouts)

Hold it motherfucker!! Tell 'em!!

ATTAGLIA

All right! All right! All right!
You do what he tells you!

FRANK

On the floor! Spread your legs!
Hands over your head! Now!

They do it. They're immobilized. Attaglia's scared shitless. One Guard, Carl, watches Frank. The .45's two feet from Attaglia's face.

FRANK

(continuing; to Carl)

Look the other way!

(to Attaglia)

I'm the last guy you wanna fuck with.
You found my money on Gags! Let's
pretend you don't know whose it is!

ATTAGLIA

(scared to death)

That's right for Chrissake! I mean I
don't know who you are! I'll
straighten you up!

FRANK

In three hours I will call to set a
meet. You will pay me \$183,300.

Frank drops the .45 to the ready position and eyes scanning the three men he controls. Frank backs to the door, simply leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - ATTAGLIA - TWILIGHT
under a bridge. A towering industrial landscape.

ATTAGLIA

He 'downed merch to Gags' is what he said.

PULL BACK to REVEAL the other men: LEO ALDERMAN and MITCH KANOFF listen. Leo is a large blocky man. Mitch is even heavier. Leo is a kidder. He has good humor. He's a kidder. He could sell you anything through charm. He's a nice man. He'd kill you as soon as look at you. He wears a black cashmere topcoat over a plaid shirt. Among the cars in the b.g. is Leo's red on black BMC 733i.

ATTAGLIA

(continuing)

I'm telling you this cocksucker's
trouble. We whack him out...

LEO
(to Mitch; dismissing
Attaglia)
Is this the prowler? Is this the
guy Gags had?

MITCH
Has to be the one.

76 REVERSE - FRANK'S ELDO

76

bounces over ruts and bumps TO CAMERA while they're
talking about him. Men spread out, relaxed. Frank gets
out, crosses over... keeping some distance.

LEO
My name is Leo Alderman. How are you?
They shake hands.

FRANK
I'm Frank.

LEO
Here's your money.

77 FRANK

77

counts it and pockets the \$183,300.

LEO
All there?

FRANK
It's there.

LEO
(wry)
Don't you say 'thanks' or something?

FRANK
(smiles)
Whose money was this?

LEO
Yours.
(beat)
But I kept this guy from giving
you a hard time.

78 EXT. BILLBOARD TOP - OVER BARRY'S SHOULDER

78

and the H & K .308 assault rifle he has sighted on Leo,
Attaglia, etc... Frank's back-up.

FRANK
(knowing smile)
Mm-hum. 'Thanks.'

LEO
You're welcome... it's no big deal..

FRANK
See ya.

LEO

Where you goin'?

FRANK

I'm late for an appointment with somebody.

LEO

C'mon, c'mon. I thought we'd talk business. Get to know each other.

FRANK

Nothing personal but I want to know people, I'll join a fucking country club...

LEO

(laughs)

But I know you already.

No reaction.

FRANK

Yeah?

(beat)

How do you know me?

LEO

The merch you put to Gags and Max Sherman and that Puerto Rican fence, Cotazar? Where do you think they down it? To me. You're putting down two, three scores a week. Week in, week out. I see half the stuff gets downed in this city, including yours. And you got great taste. A regular high-line pro. I told Gags, 'I want to meet this guy!' He went on that?

FRANK

Yes.

LEO

Fine.

FRANK

Cut the bullshit.

LEO

(beat; then)

You want to go to work for us? You'll put down our scores all over the country.

FRANK

... Way I work now, I'm doin' fine.
I don't deal with egos. I'm Joe
the boss. What the fuck do I need
to go to work for your for?

LEO

I'll lay it out. You be the judge.

FRANK

Go ahead.

LEO

You don't look, you don't case,
you don't do nothing. We point
you to a score, we tell you what's
in there. When we tell you it's
there, it's there. They are laid-
out scores.

FRANK

How they worked up?

LEO

Alarm system diagrams. Blueprints.
Sometimes the front door key.
Sometimes the scores are in on it,
everybody's ripping off the insurance
company.

FRANK

Work cars, drops, tools?

LEO

Whatever you need, you'd see me.
I would be your father. Money,
guns, cars. I'd be your father
from here on out.

FRANK

What's my end?

LEO

You get a price. There is no
negotiation about the price. We
got expenses here you don't have.
You'll know the price up front.

FRANK

How big?

LEO

Boxcar. Nothing under middle six
figures. You'll make a million
dollars in under four months.

FRANK

(wry)

I am a car salesman. Okay? No one even knows my name. I go to work for you, suddenly I'm pulling all this exposure. Everybody knows who I am...

LEO

Our protection trades that off.

FRANK

I take a bust...?

LEO

Turn around: there'll be a bondsman and a lawyer there. You never have to work in a city where I don't have a connection. You'll never spend a night in jail.

FRANK

(noncommittal)

Uh-huh...

(beat)

I steal ice. No furs, no coin collections, no treasury bonds, no cartage, no stock certificates, no precious metals. No nothing. Just diamonds. Or cash.

LEO

Fine.

FRANK

What if I work with a partner?

-- LEO

We take care of you. A partner is your responsibility. He beefs on you, that's your problem. He beefs on us, that's your problem, too. He is never supposed to know anything about us. Never bring him around. He never meets me.

FRANK

Who are your inside people?

LEO

That's my end. It's nothing to do with you. So what do you say, Frank?

FRANK

I dunno.

LEO
Whaddya mean, 'you dunno?' C'mon
with me!

FRANK
I dunno! If it fits in with my
retirement program. I don't believe
in lifetime subscriptions.

LEO
What are you gonna do retired?

FRANK
(smiles)
Pick corn with the chickens and
watch daytime TV for the rest of
my life. What's the difference?

LEO
(cracks up; he
likes Frank)
All right! Two, three moves? You
wanna keep goin'? Fine. You wanna
split? That's fine, too. Everybody's
businesslike; everybody's an adult.
(beat)
So let me know. 'Cause you'd be
terrific.

FRANK
I'll call you.

They shake hands and all start to leave.

80 FRANK

gets in the Pontiac and drives away.

80

WATTS (O.S.)
Who is he?

URIZZI (O.S.)
How the hell do I know?!

PULL WAY BACK TO REVEAL a police observation post a
half-mile away on a bridge tumbrel and two beefy
Chicago cops behind a Nikon with a 5000mm Questar
reflector. URIZZI -- the senior man at 40 -- leans
back and eats a corned beef sandwich and drinks beer.
WATTS looks through the camera.

CUT TO:

81 INT. ELDORADO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - NIGHT 81

blasts through the Gold Coast: NOISE. Rush Street, State Street, Dearborn. He drives fast, erratic.

82 EXT. TERMINAL RESTAURANT - FRANK - NIGHT 82

gets in the Eldo alone and whips out. No Josie. Frank's looking. FOLLOW it UP the glare of Clark Street.

83 INT. ELDO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - NIGHT 83

up Clark to Broadway. The hookers and pimps and bums and flash tourists: city dogs and glitter. It all reflects off Frank. A lot of NOISE... Frank BLASTS his HORN and whips around a slow driver.

CUT TO:

84 INT. LINCOLN AVE. CORNER BAR - GLARING STRIPLIGHTS - NIGHT 84

Two drunks argue in a doorway. Frank's car is at the curb. HOLD. Otis Spann belts out "Turning Point in My life" -- hard-driving Chicago blues. Frank presses through the standing crowd, drinks in hand. TIGHTEN: he finds Josie at the bar.

JOSIE

What are you doing here?!

FRANK

Finding you...

JOSIE

Forget it. Okay?! You're two hours late. My mistake for getting involved with you. I mean, I don't need this! I don't need being let down!

He takes her arm. She rips it away.

FRANK

Wait a minute!

JOSIE

Fuck you!

FRANK

I want to talk to you!

JOSIE

No!

Frank grabs her arm. Twenty people are watching them fight.

FRANK

I'll take you for coffee and explain...!

JOSIE

Take your goddamn hand off me!!

FRANK

(to Josie)

Cool out!

HARRY

(large bouncer)

Hey, you!

JOSIE

You take me anywhere? No way!

FRANK

C'mon! We are go-ing!

HARRY

(with a sap at

his side)

I'm talking to you!!

Frank armhandles Josie towards the door.

FRANK

Maybe there's a reason I didn't show! Ya ever think of that?

What is the big goddamn deal!

(to bouncer)

Forget it, Junior...

He does.

JOSIE

I don't know the reason. I don't wanna hear the reason! There is no 'reason!' It just showed me! That's all!

FRANK

You were looking forward to it!

JOSIE

(rips away)

My mistake!

FRANK

Jesus Christ!

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

Frank drags her out onto the sidewalk by her arm. A half dozen people spectate the fight.

85 EXT. SIDEWALK - FRANK AND JOSIE

85

FRANK

Get in the car!

JOSIE

No! --

FRANK

(mad)

Get in the goddamn car!

He grabs Josie by the arm and throws her into the car. He moves around to his side. She gets out...

86 FRANK

86

catches her, shoves aside a citizen who tries to interfere, drags her around to his side and throws her in his side where he can keep one arm on her and then drives away.

CUT TO:

87. INT. ELDO - TRAVELLING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

87

City at night -- taillights on wet, black streets, steel-girder bridges, science-fiction highrise complexes -- pass by. All dark. Then for the Adlai Stevenson Expressway.

FRANK

In what I do there are sometimes pressures.

No answer

FRANK

(continuing)

What the hell do you think I do?

Josie doesn't answer.

FRANK

(continuing)

Come on, come on, come on! For half a year you and I been saying 'hi' every morning I walk in for breakfast. What do you think I do?!

JOSIE

You sell cars.

FRANK

I wear 150 dollar slacks, silk shirts and 800 dollar suits, a gold Rolex loaded with diamonds and a perfect d.o. flawless three karat ring...

(pause)

... I change cars like other guys change their shoes.

Josie looks at Frank.

FRANK

(continuing)

Hey, baby: I am a thief. I been in prison.

JOSIE

Why tell me?

FRANK

Cause I didn't tell the other one.

JOSIE

What other one?

FRANK

Vi. I ever come onto you? Huh?

JOSIE

No.

FRANK

See?

JOSIE

See what?

FRANK

I am a true-blue kinda guy! I been cool. Now I'm unmarried. So let's cut the mini-moves and bullshit and have a big romance.

JOSIE

(amazed)

You are out of your goddamn mind!

(pauses; shrieks)

You think I'm waiting for you to come along?! Where do you get the arrogance?!

FRANK

(blase)

You think I'm kidding. I can tell.
This is strictly on the up and up...

JOSIE

(exasperated)

Oh my God...!

Josie looks out the window in total exasperation.

CUT TO:

88

INT. FRED HARVEY'S COFFEE SHOP OVER THE TRI-STATE
FREEWAY -- CLOSE ON FRANK'S HANDS - NIGHT

88

His hands hold a coffee cup. Frank sits with Josie.
They're still and don't talk. They're in a window
booth and below are six lanes of expressway and green
vapor lamps on an ink-black plane. Only some crimson
lines the horizon.

FRANK

You're scared to death...

JOSIE

You are an asshole!

People in the next booth turn around and look. Josie's
heated and Frank couldn't care less.

FRANK

Don't come on to me!

(beat)

What is going on in your life that
is so terrific?!

JOSIE

I'm fine!

FRANK

You are marking time is what you
are. You are backing off. You
are waiting for a bus that's late
and hoping it never shows so you
won't have to get on and go
somewhere.

The people in the next booth move to another table.

JOSIE

You don't know about me!

FRANK

I know all about you.

JOSIE

Thanks for putting me down.

FRANK

The last thing I want to do is put you down.

There is a long pause. It's awkward. Frank looks out the window. Then:

FRANK

(continuing)

What are you doing here anyway?

JOSIE

(beat; then)

Getting away from a guy I was living with in California.

FRANK

Yeah? Tell me about it.

JOSIE

(perfunctory)

We were together eight years and one day he told me to leave. So I did. End of story.

FRANK

(to waitress)

Gimme some more coffee here.

(to Josie)

Sorry...

JOSIE

(goes on)

Met another guy. First guy got very unhappy. He wanted me to be miserable, I guess. He's kinda sick. Slow poison. He started... getting heavy. I left California.

FRANK

Why?

JOSIE

I didn't want trouble.

FRANK

What about your new guy?

JOSIE

I didn't tell Sam.

FRANK

Why not?

JOSIE

I didn't want to involve him in my garbage. He was a real nice guy. It was my problem.

Frank sees it a different way, disbelieves. Says nothing.

FRANK

What was it like with guy number one?

JOSIE

Lot of money. Lot of lifestyles. We did a lot of 'things.' South America. Bogota. Tangiers. Ibiza.

FRANK

How much was he moving?

JOSIE

Nothing till the end. Then a couple kilos at a time. I don't know. He wasn't in it for the money. He had money. He was in it for the electricity. I was just drifting with it...

FRANK

He was an asshole.

JOSIE

(defensive)

Listen it started with a lot of love...

FRANK

He was an asshole! And he puts you in jeopardy?

The waitress appears and refills their coffee.

JOSIE

Where were you in prison? Pass the cream.

FRANK

Joliet. The warden was Joe Reagan. Meatball Joe. Cream's spoiled...

(to waitress)

... Some new cream here.

(to Josie)

If he's a penologist I'm a jet airplane pilot.

(beat)

I did 17 years.

Josie stares at him in disbelief. Then:

JOSIE

What did you do?!

FRANK

I stole 40 dollars.

JOSIE

Why 17 years?

FRANK

I started with a two-year bit, a parole in six months. Right away I got into a 'problem' with two guys, tried to turn me out. Picked up 12 more years on the manslaughter beef. Other things. I was 17 when I went in. 34 by the time I got out. Anyway... you don't count weeks and months and years. You don't do time that way.

JOSIE

Why?

FRANK

'Why?' You gotta not give a fuck if you live or die. Forget time. A Demolished Man. That's what you gotta be to do time. Where nothing means nothing. When you achieve that attitude, you can survive.

(pause)

I'll tell you a story. All about everything you gotta know about me.

(pause)

Once therē was this Captain Morphis: 300-pound slob who couldn't write his name. He had this crew of 16 or 17 guards and cons. They'd go into cells, grab young guys, up to hydrotherapy in the mental wing. Gang bang. Guy puts up a struggle? Beat him half to death. Ends up in the funny farm.

(beat)

Word comes down it's my turn tonight.

(beat)

And I know this is where I die.

Cause I am going the route...

(snap)

... like that. Cause nothing means nothing anyway, including myself.

Fuck it, man. Fuck me.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(he drinks his coffee)

11:30 or 12:00, lights come on.
I got this iron pipe from the
plumbing. First guard I get his
knees. I go through a convict,
another convict, a guard, I get
Captain Morphis. I nail Morphis
right across the head. Twice.
Boom. Then they jump all over me.

(beat)

I'm in the hospital section, six
months.

(beat)

Morphis is fucked up real good.
They pension him out, he can't
walk straight and dies two years
later. A real loss to the planet
Earth. Meanwhile I'm going back
into the mainstream population. I
know I am a dead man the minute I
hit the yard.

(beat)

So I hit the yard. Everyone's
watching me. Guards. Convicts,
bosses. You know what happens?
Nothing happens. Nothing.

(beat)

And from that day I know I am
gonna make it.

Frank reaches into his pocket and unfolds the paste-up
collage we saw in the alley behind the car lot and
with Okla. He unfolds it carefully like a kid laying
out baseball cards. Meanwhile:

89

JOSIE'S

89

never seen anything like this. She looks at it,
then at Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)

I worked this all out...

JOSIE

What is this?

90

FRANK AND JOSIE

90

FRANK

... in the stone coldness of that
cell. This is my life. Nothing
can stop me from making this happen.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Cause if it don't, nothing means
nothing anyway.

(re the woman)

That's you...

Josie leans over to see.

91 JOSIE'S POV - THE COLLAGE .

91

A house with a Cadillac glued to the front. Bits and pieces of trees drawn in. A small baby from a Gerber Foods ad. April. A blank spot where Vi was. A woman staring at us. Writing -- Okla's face. Everything is creased and ripping a little bit.

JOSIE

(softly)

... who's this old man?

FRANK

David Okla Bertinneau. A Master Thief. He taught me everything I know about what I do. And I told him about you.

JOSIE

These are cut out from magazines?

FRANK

And newspapers. Whatever.

JOSIE

April?

FRANK

She's with me. My ex-wife's a flake. She's gone.

JOSIE

Why the gravestone?

FRANK

My death. Out here. Where I can decay with everything else.

JOSIE

This other child?

FRANK

Our kid.

Josie looks at him in disbelief. Frank looks right at her.

JOSIE

... I don't know anything about you.

FRANK (O.S.)

I just told you my life history.

JOSIE

But what about now?

92

FRANK

92

FRANK

It is what it is: I lost 17 years. I can't work hard enough to catch up. I can't run fast enough. The only thing that catches me up is doing my Magic Act.

JOSIE

And where does that end? How long?

FRANK

This road does not go on forever. You end up burned out, busted or dead. It ends.

(the collage)

It ends when I got this.

They don't say anything for a moment.

FRANK

(continuing)

What you said before about 'arrogance?' I cop to it. You know? I am asking... you: Be with me.

JOSIE

(low)

I can't have children. I don't fit, Frank...

FRANK

So we adopt... April and another one from you and me. Two to duplicate each of us. I got to go away. From when I come back, from that point on...

He takes Josie's hands.

JOSIE

Frank... I lead my life so...

FRANK

There's nothing in it you can't
walk from in ten seconds flat.

(beat)

You and I... There's nothing so
terrific going on in your life.
Mine's a mess. Maybe between the
two of us we can put something
together. That's means something.

(beat)

I want you with me and make this
happen. I got away... it could
happen faster. I'm asking...

(beat)

... You know?

Josie stares out the window into the shiny black night
and lights. Then her eyes cross back to Frank.

FRANK

(continuing)

You know?

There's a long pause. Frank holds both her hands
tighter on the table.

Josie looks at Frank a long time. Then out the window
into the glossy black night. Then back to Frank and
the enigmatic look on her face slowly turns into a soft
smile.

Frank's hand holds both of hers and they stare at each
other across the table.

CUT TO:

on the freeway. Jets in the O'Hare field path streak
the night sky under mercury lamps. Frank drops a dime
and dials.

LEO (V.O.)

Yeah?

FRANK

(into phone)

You are on. They gotta be big.
They gotta be fast. We're talking
two or three scores. Tops.

LEO (V.O.)

That's it.

FRANK

Across the street?

Frank hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

94

EXT. HIGHRISE ROOF - WIDE - NIGHT

94

Frank, Barry, Leo and Mitch are in the balustrade 20 stories in amongst the large exhaust fans and elevator cable housings.

LEO

Yeah.

FRANK

Where?

LEO

Top floor, this side...

FRANK

Protection.

LEO

Six independent systems. Silent rings into a company over phone lines. Infrared pots, magnets on door and windows, sonic alarm, a pedal hold-up alarm and the box.

MITCH

Figured you'd bypass the juice in the basement.

Mitch shuffles through blueprints, finds basement. It's no good.

FRANK

I'd have to cut into the conduits under the street. There's 3,000 lines for every store in Tahoe down there.

Frank looks through other sheets.

FRANK

(continuing)

What's this?

BARRY

Top floor. Top of the elevator shafts.

Frank grabs the fifth-floor blueprint.

FRANK

Fifth through tenth floor phone
lines circuit through the elevator
shafts.

Frank looks over balustrade, down at the roof of the
score.

FRANK

(continuing)

We chop through the roof and find
his pairs.

(to Barry)

You do your phone man routine for
his color codes.

BARRY

When?

FRANK

Tomorrow.

(to Leo)

What's the box?

LEO

Richmond-Lackett with a time lock
and an inner vault door with a
Sadlo lock.

FRANK

(sarcastic)

Terrific.

(beat)

It's a burn job.

LEO

No way to...

FRANK

Each vault's custom. No two got
the relock bars in the same place.

(beat)

How rich?

LEO

Their fiscal year just closed.
Now they beef back up the inventory.
It's loaded.

FRANK

It better. I am wearing a lot of
exposure. 14 to 16 hours inside.
So the payoff's gotta be there, too.

LEO

\$830,000 is your end. There will be four million at wholesale in unmounted stones in there.

Frank's satisfied.

LEO

(continuing)

How long will it take you to set this up?

FRANK

You said six. What's the sixth alarm system?

LEO

You find out. We can't run the sixth alarm down.

FRANK

What do you know?

LEO

It does not power off city juice. Signals do not go out over phone company lines. So this one thing is open...

(beat)

How long?

FRANK

Four to eight weeks. Aside from the alarm, what to cut it with is the problem.

LEO

I got a couple scores you can put down in the meantime... One's in Miami.

FRANK

Then I need the Vehicle Bureau guy for licenses and a new fleet of work cars.

LEO

I'll set it up.

FRANK

(to Barry)

You stay here. Get the color codes on the five and make what the sixth system is...

(MORE)

94 CONTINUED: (3)

94

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Leo)

... Let's go.

They follow Frank and Barry into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BLACK ELDO --

95

in the drive. It's a big ranch house.

96 INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - FRANK AND JOSIE - DAY

96

in the carpeted empty interior.

FRANK

You like it? You think this will
do? You sure it's okay.

JOSIE

(calming; putting
her arms over
his neck)

Frank: I love it. It's terrific!

CUT TO:

97 EXT. OUTSIDE MALTZ SCRAP YARD - PONTIAC WORK CAR -
DAY

97

driven by Frank, rumbles past the graffitied corru-
gated fence. It's the work car Frank and Barry used
in the opening burglary.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. SCRAP YARD - INNER COURT - FRANK - DAY

98

pulls in. A man in a white coat looks at him; then
walks away. A giant black man in a sleeveless sweat-
shirt and covered with dust directs Frank where to stop.

CUT TO:

99 INT. SCRAP YARD OFFICE - FRANK - DAY

99

enters the low shed to a worn cluttered desk and an
oil-burning stove and SAM MALTZ at 72 -- thick and
wide among the debris drinking coffee from a thermos.

Ten-year-old girly calendars have yellowed on the wall.
 Dim-gold Rembrandt light from the WHOOSHING furnaces
 O.S. bathes both men in red. It's like a cavern.
 Maltz is bald on top, curly red hair long on the sides
 and back, hangs over his collar: a geriatric hippy.

MALTZ

How ya doin'?

Offers coffee, smiles.

FRANK

Golden and glowing and scoring
 like a champ. We got business.

Maltz rises and leads. Frank follows. Walking and
 talking.

100 INT. FOUNDRY SHEDS - TRACKING FRANK AND MALTZ - DAY 100

MALTZ

How's Okla?

PAST furnaces where molten metal is fractionated and
 pounded into ingots. The heat is red, intense. PAST
 furnace fires, molten metal and black dust. This is
 Maltz' place. He's out of a context anywhere else.
 WALKING AND TALKING.

FRANK

Angina.

(touches his heart)

I'm making moves to get him out of
 there. I got a hearing fixed up.
 Who's the guy inna white coat?

MALTZ

Metallurgist. To analyze scrap.
 Son-in-law's idea. I bet this putz
 100 dollars I come within two percent
 of what he does with his computer...
 a load of tubing comes in. I taste
 it, I chew it, I smell it.

(acts out)

I spit on it.

(like Moses)

'Hey, scientist cocksucker! 18
 percent zinc! 43 percent copper!
 38 percent tin! And one percent
 I dunno!'

(pause)

I'm taking 200 dollars a week from
 this schmuck.

(MORE)

MALTZ (CONT'D)

(beat)

A white coat. Around here he wears a white coat. What's he? Gonna discover penicillin? You gotta be a real putz to wear a white coat around here.

Maltz looks around.

Frank pulls out a drawing of a cross section of what looks like a wall. Maltz examines it.

MALTZ

(continuing)

What kind of steel?

FRANK

Swedish cold-rolled. 247 here, here, here and here in one-inch plates.

Maltz is skeptical.

MALTZ

Four layers with concrete in between... Double-packed... Titanium alloy here probably for heat. Fourteen inches thick.

(understatement)

This is a very special and very well made and very expensive vault... English? Richmond and Lackett?

FRANK

Bingo. And I need a very special piece of equipment.

MALTZ

Cut a hole in the lock box?

FRANK

Each is different. I don't know where to drill. Cut away half the vault. Attack. What about laser?

MALTZ

That's Flash Gordon bullshit. You got two weeks to be in there aligning it?

(beat)

Seven. Eight thousand degrees. Portable equipment...

(shrugs)

... There's no other way to do it?

FRANK

No.

Maltz just looks at Frank.

MALTZ

Sonny. If I can make this...

(beat)

... It's gonna be a son-of-a-bitch to use. Okay? So is it worth it?

FRANK

It's worth it.

MALTZ

All right.

Maltz bends over the drawing. Dusty shapes, black debris, shadows.

FRANK

You sweep this phone?

MALTZ

(absorbed in drawings)

Yeah... weekly... it's clean.

FRANK

(dials; then)

I'm Frank. Leo said to call. I need licenses that match three new cars' bill of sales...

(pause)

Okay... Jeff Laverne. L.A.V.E.R.N.E.
223 Washtanaw. Dave Alberg.
A.L.B.E.R.G. 7706 Cicero. And
Gene Files. F.I.L.E.S. 123 North
Oak. I'll be in Division 126 in an
hour. I got a topcoat with a fur
collar.

He hangs up.

FRANK

Whaddya think?

MALTZ

First I gotta build a wall like
this. Couple of days. A week...
To tell you if I can even do it!Light from the red fires paints Maltz's and Frank's
faces.

Crowded. Young lawyers in sharp suits look more sinister than their clients. The bailiff and three guards are overweight, weary ward heelers. It says "No Smoking." Everyone smokes.

102 FRANK 102

moves through the crowd.

103 GARNER 103

GARNER is Frank's attorney.

GARNER

(machine-gun
delivery)

... and the nature of this petition is that David Okla Bertinneau -- pleads for Your Honor to modify the instruction on his 1958 conviction.

104 JUDGE. 104

wearily rests his face in his outspread hands with only the thumbs tucked in under his jaw. Eight fingers are visible.

JUDGE

But he committed numerous offenses, violating property rights of many individuals...

105 GARNER -- 105

rests his face -- as if weary, too -- in his hands, but only two fingers of each hand on his face: four altogether. The Judge still has eight fingers up.

GARNER

That distresses me, Your Honor.
This man...

106 GUIDO 106

from the Vehicle Bureau -- bald, avuncular, middle-aged -- finds Frank and sits behind him.

GUIDO

(whispers)

Here ya go... Three boogie-woogie
licenses, I fixed down in
Springfield.

GARNER (O.S.)

... is of reformed character,
advanced age, and suffers from an
affliction of the heart...

Guido passes licenses.

FRANK

(leans back;

whispers)

What I owe ya?

GUIDO

Thirty dollars for the State. The
rest, you be the doctor. These
things will even stand a computer
check, you get tumbled for popping
a light...

Frank peels off five 100-dollar bills, rolls them into
cylinders and passes them to Guido. Meanwhile:

GARNER (O.S.)

... knowing him as I do, has spent
over 21 years in incarceration and
has become a different person...

JUDGE (O.S.)

Still.

107 JUDGE

107

rests his face on six fingers.

GUIDO

(re Garner and
Judge)

What are they? Picking their noses
up there?

FRANK

(whispers)

I want to hear this...

JUDGE

I don't know. I remain unconvinced...

Now the Judge waves a hand meaning: "Take it or leave
it," and leans back.

108 GARNER

108

meanwhile, nods agreement meaning he settled out at \$6,000.

JUDGE

... but upon deliberation... I
will issue the petition.

109 FRANK

109

risers and starts out. Guido follows OVER:

GARNER (O.S.)

(rattling on)

I'll write up the order, Your Honor, I know how busy your docket is this morning.

GUIDO

Hey. Wife's inna market for a fur coat.

FRANK

(looks, then)

I am a car salesman.

GUIDO

(backs off)

Ah... have it your way.

FRANK

That's right.

CUT TO:

110 INT. COOK COUNTY COURT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - TRACKING 110
FRANK - DAY

and then Garner through the NOISE, flow of attorneys, defendants, relatives, bail bondsmen, ward heelers, bailiffs, police, hangers-on, et al.

FRANK

What do you need?

GARNER

(6 fingers on his face)

6,000 dollars for 'Earl Warren' in there. 1968 Democratic Convention. Into ACLU stuff. That sonofabitch throws me in jail 72 hours for contempt. Now?
(MORE)

110 CONTINUED:

110

GARNER (CONT'D)

(he laughs; beat)

He'll be on the street in a week.

Pushing through the crowd to get out, Frank throws an arm around Garner.

FRANK

(hands him an envelope)

Here's thirty. You're a prince.

Buy yourself a new suit,...

ON Frank out the door, palming a tip to the beat cop and drives the Eldo away from the "No Parking" zone...

CUT TO:

111 INT. UNMARKED CAR AT ROCKET LAUNDROMAT - COFFEE AND JUNK FOOD REMAINS - DAY

on the dash. RADIO NOISE AND STATIC. Beyond Frank pockets the weeks' receipts and climbs into the Eldorado, pulling away.

URIZZI (O.S.)

Jimmy's got better....

WATTS (O.S.)

It's cause he charcoals 'em...

WIDEN TO REVEAL Urizzi and Watts -- the two detectives from the stakeout outside Leo's. Urizzi starts the car. Watts burps and throws his Tab can out the window into the street.

CUT TO:

112 INT. FRANK'S ELDO - TRAVELLING - FRANK - DAY

112

spots the tail, turns into an alley.

113 TRAVELLING, REAR SHOT - URIZZI AND WATTS

113

BLOW their HORN, nothing official, both cars stop. Urizzi and Watts get out, laconic.

URIZZI

(to Frank, friendly)

Howya doin'?!

FRANK

... okay.

URIZZI

Good.

(long pause)

A very important thing for you to remember is gonna be my name.
Sergeant Urizzi.

FRANK

And why is that?

URIZZI

'Cause I'm gonna do things for you.

FRANK

For what? A good conduct medal?

URIZZI

(laughs)

I don't want a medal. I got no use for medals. What the fuck good is a medal gonna do me?

FRANK

I dunno.

URIZZI

(eyeing Frank's car)

I'm here to make your life easy!

FRANK

Yeah?

URIZZI

Yeah. Smooth out the bumps and humps.

(beat)

We're in for 15 points.

FRANK

Points of what?

URIZZI

Your action with Leo. Your end.
From here on out.

(sincere)

I don't get this... What's with you?

FRANK

That's too bad you don't get it.

URIZZI

(slow and easy
to Frank)

Our points go with the territory.

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

FRANK

I am a car salesman. You want a
deal on a Buick?

No reaction.

WATTS

(grabbing at Frank)

Mutherfucker!!

FRANK

(bats Watts' hands off)

Don't come on to me, junior....!

(to Urizzi)

You want to pinch me? Pinch me.
I'll be out in 10 minutes. If not,
get the fuck off my car and out
of my way.

Frank looks at both cops and floors the Eldorado down
the canyon-like alley between the buildings. Watts
looks at Urizzi who stares after Frank.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. HOUSE - WHITE CORVETTE - DAY

114

THUNDERS TO US and pulls into the drive and Barry BLOWS
the HORN -- comes out fast followed by Marie -- his
blonde wife at 24 with a white bakery box.

BARRY

Who lives here? Who lives here?
It's gotta be some kinda millionaire
guy!

Frank enters, hugs Barry in a big Abrazo.

BARRY

(continuing)

It's beautiful, man!

FRANK

When you get in?

BARRY

Late last night.

Josie comes out to see Marie.

CUT TO:

Later. Low light. They're done, tired, sweaty and dirty and sit cross-legged on the grass facing each other like two boys at the beach. They share beer out of a quart bottle. It's a suburban tableau. April in a winter jump suit crawls around in Frank's lap.

FRANK

So what's to it?

BARRY

(low)

Alarm system number five... is a code word. Goes out over a one-channel radio transmitter after an alarm goes off.

FRANK

(low)

How's the alarm triggered?

BARRY

(low)

Sonics off the ceiling. One step into the joint, it's tripped. Then there's a time-delay sequence: You got ten seconds to transmit the code word. They go through the routine every morning at 9 a.m.

FRANK

(low)

Power?

BARRY

(low)

Nickel cad batteries. System's self-contained, neat and hard to beat.

FRANK

(low)

The word?

BARRY

(low)

Changes every week.

FRANK

Call Joseph to fix you a bug. Go right back out there and bug the joint.

April falls down. Frank reaches over and hugs her. She squirms. He sits her in his lap.

BARRY

If I'm in Tahoe, how you gonna
take Miami?

FRANK

With Mitch.

BARRY

The vault?

FRANK

I got Maltz on it. Looking for
an answer. I'm waiting.

(beat)

It's getting too cold for April.
Let's go in.

Frank rolls April over in the grass and tickles her.
She squeals. Business is over. He carries her across
to the house.

FRANK

(continuing)

I bought a bar. I call it the
'Rock-A-Go-Go.'

BARRY

What the hell kinda name is that?!

FRANK

In the neighborhood it's in, what
am I gonna call it? The Chez
Paree?

(beat)

This L.A. move -- is Home Free for
me...

--

JOSIE

Frank, honey? You ready to eat?

FRANK

We're starving!

Frank throws his free arm over Barry's shoulder. They
walk inside as the sun is low and paints the lawn
emerald. ON Frank's back as he enters the house:

FRANK

(continuing)

For out here, I'm gonna buy peach
trees, maybe.

The screen DOOR SLAMS.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. PORCH - CHARCOAL GRILL - NIGHT

116

WIDEN, Josie has fallen asleep on the wooden farm swing. We HEAR Barry's Corvette leave. It's the pleasant dishevelled exhaustion of the first night in a new house.

117 FRANK

117

enters in a plaid mackinaw with a steaming cup of coffee. He enters and sees her.

FRANK

(low)

Hey, honey?

No answer. Frank sits and pulls Josie onto his chest. He strokes the hair of her forehead. He leans to the side and closes her coat more tightly around her. In her sleep she cuddles closer to him and mumbles something.

118 CLOSE - FRANK'S FACE

118

looking into the red coals, stroking Josie's hair and WIDEN all the way out TO REVEAL his piece of the planet Earth: this property.

. CUT TO:

119 INT. COOK COUNTY SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICES - WIDE - DAY

119

MRS. CLARRISE is behind the desk. She's a 45-year-old, upper middle-class recent divorcee. Suburban. She reads Frank's application. A CLOCK TICKS. Frank and Josie wait. They wait some more. Then:

MRS. CLARRISE

I see on your application here, by the way you misspelled 'male.' It's...

(write)

... m... a... l... e. The other is what we put in post-boxes.

Frank exchanges a look with Josie. Josie puts her hand on his thigh. Mrs. Clarrise smiles.

MRS. CLARRISE

(continuing)

I see you put under 'employer' 1959-1976 Joliet State Penitentiary.

FRANK

Yes.

MRS. CLARRISE

You worked for the state I take it?

FRANK

After a fashion.

MRS. CLARRISE

What did you do at the prison?

Mrs. Clarrise smiles.

FRANK

Desks.

(beat)

I spot-welded desks. Then I got promoted to shoes.

MRS. CLARRISE

You were in charge of the shop?

FRANK

Lady. I was a convict. I was doing time.

MRS. CLARRISE

Oh. You were what?

120 MRS. CLARRISE
looks at Josie.

120

121 JOSIE

121

looks away. Then Josie looks at Frank. Frank has decided something about Mrs. Clarrise.

JOSIE

Frank... I think...

MRS. CLARRISE

You see you have to understand we have more applicants than children...

FRANK

So why you still got kids here?
As I kid I wouldn't fall all over myself to stay in this place.
We'll relieve some of the burden.

MRS. CLARRISE

The point is we establish criteria for parenting and an ex-convict compared to other desirable...

FRANK

So we'll take a kid that's not so desirable. I mean you gotta black kid? We'll take a black kid. You got some chink kid?

MRS. CLARRISE

That's not the point...

FRANK

We'll take him. Maybe you got a kid that's 8. No one likes kids that old. We want a kid who's 8. Okay? Some 8-year-old, chink, black kid.

MRS. CLARRISE

You...

FRANK

... if it's a matter of.

He takes off his 3-karat diamond ring and slips it across the table. Mrs. Clarrise recoils...

MRS. CLARRISE

What is this?

FRANK

(proud)

D.O. Flawless, two-point-five karat. Emerald cut.

MRS. CLARRISE

(pushes back in
her chair; mad)

What do you think? This is a marketplace! My God!

Josie is trying to pull Frank away.

FRANK

You are not smart enough to take it any more than you can spot a good parent for a kid!

MRS. CLARRISE

Get out of my office!

Josie sobs.

FRANK

You didn't ask about us?! What kind of people we are! There's some kid waiting. And you're denying him us and us him?! Who are you?

JOSIE

Frank. Let's go.

MRS. CLARRISE

Our criteria...!

FRANK

Your criteria are so far up your ass, they can't see daylight!

(beat)

This is bullshit!

JOSIE

(yells at Frank,
ignoring Clarrise)

So what! So! Wake up, will you?

MRS. CLARRISE

Get out of my office!!

FRANK

Me wake up? I got ABC-type information for you. I was state-raised. This is a dead place! A child in eight-by-four green walls! After awhile, you tell the walls: 'My life is yours!'

(to Mrs. Clarrise)

Where'd you grow up? Inna suburbs?

Josie slams out the door. Frank follows.

CUT TO:

Statues, junk, a motorcycle, VTR gear, guitars and amp, wealthy toys. All the windows are open. There's a breeze. A mound of heavy-duty mover blankets are in a corner against a wall. MOVE IN. MUFFLED BUZZING from under the blankets.

124 UNDER THE SOUND PROOFING BLANKETS

124

its LOUD and SHRILL DRILLING NOISE of a $\frac{1}{2}$ " diamond-studded hollow core bit through steel. Frank holds a pen flashlight in his teeth. He wears ski goggles and rubber gloves. Sparks careen off the steel. Frank has chalked a map of horizontal and vertical lines on the door. Where the lines intersect, Frank's drilled half inch holes. The pattern of holes makes no sense to us. Frank cuts the drill. The last hole smokes.

125 FRANK'S HANDS

125

with hammer and chisel pop the dial, remove the bolt.

126 INT. SAFE - EXTREME CLOSEUP - SPRING-LOADED RELOCKING BARS 126

automatically slam into place because the lock mechanism has been tampered with. There is no way to open the safe.

127 DRILL HOLES

127

admit shafts of light through the door. Now a tool enters... And we now SEE each drill hole is an access point from which Frank retracts each relock bar. Now we know why the pattern of holes... The door opens...

128 FRANK

128

on the other side in his cocoon of blankets. The blankets are thrown off revealing Mitch coming into the room.

129 INT. ROOM - FRANK

129

pulling cash out of the safe. It's also a drug stash.

Mitch rolls blankets, packs tools. Frank quickly tosses jewelry into a bag.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. MIAMI HOUSE - CRANING - NIGHT

130

We SEE that all doors and windows have been opened as escape routes. Frank and Barry enter from the house. Frank motions Barry down and they roll across the wet drive.

130 CONTINUED:

130

As we CRANE HIGHER they unbutton lapels and reveal they're in suits and ties and climb into a 1978 Buick work car and pull out throwing ski masks and gloves from the window.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - JOSIE - NIGHT

131

asleep in front of the house on the landing. We don't know why. A coffee cup is next to her. NOTHING. HOLD. Then Frank's Eldo rounds the corner and approaches.

132 JOSIE

132

FRANK (O.S.)

Josie!

Josie rouses. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Frank with his duffle bag. His hand goes inside... Josie puts a finger to her lips and mouth: "don't talk!"

133 INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - FRANK AND JOSIE - NIGHT

133

enter. The counters and floor are marbled but unfinished. A gaping hole is where the dishwasher will go. Josie leads Frank to the table and a note: "Look at phone!"

134 WALL PHONE

134

Frank sees scratch marks.

135 UNDER SINK

135

Frank pulls a tool kit and extracts a screwdriver.

136 FRANK

136

carefully removes the plastic cover. It's bugged.

137 JOSIE

137

writes: "Sam someone called."

138 FRANK

138

writes "What he say?" Josie shakes her head:
"Nothing."

139 EXTREMELY CLOSE: FAUCET

139

m full blast. Frank and Josie enter and talk
the water noise. WIDEN:

FRANK

You all right...?

JOSIE

Yes. What does it mean?

FRANK

Heat. Police.
(beat)

It means it's hard for me to make
moves from now on... beepers on
the cars, the works.

JOSIE

(scared)

Are there more in the walls? Are
they listening to us?! All the time?!

FRANK

Probably only the phones. I'll
check. You uneasy? Fuck this house.
We'll move!

JOSIE

(thinks)

I'm okay...

Es at her to be sure. She nods again. He turns
e water. Silence. They've been invaded.

CUT TO:

140 ILTZ SCRAPYARD, REAR SHED - FRANK AND SAM - 140
MORNING

it of a sandwich-like fragment of wall held in a
Sam constructed the fragment to duplicate the

141 EN BOTTLE

141

F the bottle PAST the shield and ALONG an air hose
ction of 2 inch pipe held on a stand. The end of
be is 3 inches away from the vault fragment.

142 IFROM FRONT

142

is-section is stuffed with thin copper and mag-
trods insulated from each other by non-conductor
(material).

143 SAM 143

lights a hand held acetylene torch and places it so the flame will ignite the pipe end.

144 SAM AND FRANK 144

move behind the shield where the nitrogen bottle is. Their caution seems excessive for so small a piece of pipe. Sam looks at Frank and opens the nozzle:

145 PIPE 145

ignited by the acetylene torch EXPLODES WHITE LIGHT.

146 WHITE LIGHT 146

and NOISE smash into the vault section.

147 VAULT SECTION - FROM REAR 147

the layers of steel and concrete hold back red, then white, then the steel melts and white light EXPLODES through TO CAMERA like a phosphorous bomb.

148 SAM 148

kills the gas.

149 WIDE 149

tremendous smoke. Smoldering metal. Slag on the floor. Sam and Frank exchange an ironic look: recognition of Sam's work.

CUT TO:

150 INT. TERMINAL BAR AND RESTAURANT - WIDE ON BOOTH - MORNING 150

Leo's in the booth by himself, eating, and looking at the paper.

LEO

Hey! Sit down, sit down.

151 FRANK 151

sits next to Leo. MARY enters.

MARY

What do you want?

FRANK

Eggs over hard. Tomatoes instead of potatoes. Dry rye toast. Coffee.

Leo slips an envelope of money to Frank.

LEO

\$210,000. You want me to put some cash to work for you?

FRANK

Juice? Forget it.

LEO

What juice? Who are you talking to? That sleaze, Gags? I wouldn't get out of bed to make no pay off juice. C'mon, c'mon, you're talking to your father. Shopping centers. Shopping centers in Jacksonville, Fort Worth and Phoenix.

Frank has put his alligator tassled loafers up on the seat across from them and looks at the parking lot and his black Eldo and the tail down the street and pockets the envelope and stares at Leo.

FRANK

My money goes in my pocket.

LEO

You're the boss of your own money.

FRANK

And I got a question for you this morning.

(hot; slow)

Why the hell as soon's I get involved with you everyone knows my business? I got the house bugged. My wife's upset. The Vehicle Bureau guy. I got a cop tail parked a half block down the street. What is this?

LEO

(alarmed)

... when you downed....!

FRANK

I use the work car. I let them tail only my Eldo, but they'll get hip to that trick.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Whyn't you come to me with your problem? What am I? A fucking stranger? I take care of my people. You're my people! We're family.

FRANK

You and me do "business." I don't mix apples and oranges.

LEO

Ah bullshit! My wife and I... But with the kids, I am very tight.

(beat)

Kids are special. A miracle. A little hoochie-koo! A drop of energy and Wham Bam, Magic Sam. Something sacred's there.

(beat)

Now that's my attitude!

FRANK

(pause; thinks; then)

What happens?

LEO

You state your model: black, brown, yellow or white! Boy or girl.

FRANK

Where from?

LEO

Couple of ladies... they got babies ... to sell. Their own. And they sell 'em.

Frank looks at Leo. Leo looks at Frank directly.

LEO

(continuing)

... it's not the baby's fault his mother's an asshole. And you ain't buyin' the mother. And you ain't gonna get a kid onna straight...

FRANK

(simply)

I want a boy.

LEO

Done. You got a boy. See that? Do I take care of family, or do I take care of family!

Frank throws an arm around Leo's neck and grabs his leg.

FRANK
(kidding)
You sonofabitch!

LEO
(to waitress)
Mary! Get him off me!

Leo's benign, paternalistic. Mary delivers Frank's breakfast. Frank's gone.

MARY
(scolds after him)
Don't let it get cold!

CUT TO:

152 INT. TERMINAL FOYER - RESTROOMS AND PAY PHONE - FRANK 152
- DAY

drops his dime and dials.

FRANK
(into phone)
Josie?

CUT TO:

153 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - JOSIE - DAY 153

JOSIE
(into phone)
God, Frank! Garner's calling and
calling!

CUT TO:

154 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - FRANK WITH JOSIE - DAY 154

following runs down the corridor to the Intensive Care Section to Garner who points across the hall. Frank exits into the room.

CUT TO:

155 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FRANK - DAY 155

with Josie enters.

156 REVERSE - OKLA

156

on the bed, tubes and fluid connected everywhere.

157 WIDER

157

FRANK

(smile)

Hi ya, pop? Whaddya doin' in here
playing sick? I got three chicks
onna street waiting for ya. You're
gonna get me in trouble!

Okla can barely nod.

FRANK

(continuing)

This is Josie, my wife...

Then Frank has to look away out the window.

158 JOSIE

158

knows the depth to which Frank's hit. And she sees
Okla gesture for Frank.

JOSIE

(soft)

... Frank.

159 FRANK

159

puts his ear to the old man's mouth. Okla whispers to
Frank something we can't hear.

160 WIDER

160

Frank half-smiles and leans back and holds Okla's hand
and wipes some liquid from the side of the old man's
mouth and smooths his hair.

161 OKLA'S FACE

161

worn, creased, ancient -- slowly re-shapes into a half-
smile, half-grin. And all the BUZZERS GO OFF. Inten-
sive Care nurse and two DOCTORS rush in.

DOCTOR

You'll have to leave.

FRANK

No...! I stay right here!

161 CONTINUED:

161

JOSIE

Frank!!

Frank's not in control.

CUT TO:

162 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THREE SHOT - DAY

162

They wait on red leatherette and chrome tube settees from 1958. The sonorous voiced P.A. is LOW and IN-CESSANT. Garner smokes.

JOSIE

What did he whisper to you?

FRANK

(somewhere else;
pause)

He said thanks. 'Cause I got him
out. He don't have to die in there.

(beat)

That's the big thing... Not to die
in there...

163 ANGLE - DOWN HALL

163

Doctor emerges from Intensive Care. The Doctor approaches.

DOCTOR

(soft)

You're Mr. Bertinneau's family?

FRANK

I am.

DOCTOR

(sorry)

I am real sorry. He's gone... Is
there anything...? You okay?

He takes Frank's wrist and arm, professional, together.
He cares. Josie holds on to Frank.

JOSIE

(tears)

Oh, baby, I'm so sorry...

Frank is just there, like stone. We SEE emotions pass
through. Then he holds on to Josie and doesn't know
what to do...

CUT TO:

A FAT LADY with a couple of kids in the hallway holds the door of the elevator open. She's slovenly. Her hair's in childish pigtails with yarn bows. The elevator door closes. Hits her foot. Opens. Closes. Her foot. Opens...

FAT LADY

(smiles)

Any questions, just give Ruthie a call. Don't hesitate to call...

Frank pushes her foot out of the way.

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, thanks.

The door closes. The elevator descends. Josie is relieved. Frank puts his arm around her. They constitute a family tableau.

JOSIE

The poor guy's all wet.
(horrified)

God!!

Going down, Josie already maternal and wrapping the baby in another blanket to keep him warm.

CUT TO:

carries tea. On the enamelled pot through the almost empty restaurant. The ceiling is high. The walls are lacquered bright red. He refills Frank's cup. Then Josie's. They've eaten. Waiter hangs out. Josie cuddles the baby boy who CRIES.

WAITER

(big accent;
fast)

That's nice baby. You lucky you got such a nice baby!

That makes Josie feel good. It wipes away "Ruthie."

JOSIE

Thank you very much. Thanks.
Could you warm the bottle?

WAITER

Ho! No problem. What he name?

165 CONTINUED:

165

JOSIE
(looks at Frank)
We don't know... Not yet.

The Waiter takes the bottle and leaves.

166 BABY

166

asleep in Josie's arms. She rocks the baby gently.
Frank's arm is around Josie's shoulders. He moves his
chair next to hers.

FRANK
Well...?

They look at the baby. This is their child.

FRANK
(continuing)
Here we are...

Frank doesn't know what to say. Holding their baby.
Josie touches his thigh. It's a very special connection:
his woman and his child. Frank takes out his
wallet and the tattered collage with the pictures and
kid from the baby food ad.

FRANK
(continuing)
... long, long time. See that?
Okla dies, our kid is born...

JOSIE
You want to name him after Okla?

FRANK
(kisses her
lightly)
Okla's real name was David.

JOSIE
David.
(likes the
sound)
David.

FRANK
(to Waiter; shouts)
Hey! My kid's name's David. David!

167 WAITER

167

eating at a table with his family pauses -- chopsticks
in air -- and thinks.

167 CONTINUED:

167

WAITER
(thinks; sincere)
'David' good name...

168 FRANK

168

folds the collage on the table and puts it away and
takes his son.

CUT TO:

169 INT. TAHOE SERVICE STAIRCASE - OVERHEAD - DAY

169

a VERTIGO SHOT down 10 stories. In a corner with dust
and newspapers:

170 BARRY

170

connects a small tape recorder to a lead in a small
radio receiver. He hits the "record" button and waits.
Nothing. Checks watch: 8:59:14.

171 INT. CORRIDOR - TWO MEN - DAY

171

One yawning, one with a bag of coffees-to-go approach.

172 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S WATCH

172

9:00:27.

173 INT. CORRIDOR

173

a key's inserted in one and then a second dead bolt lock.

174 HANK

174

turns knob, opens door.

175 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - FLOOR - DAY

175

opening door pushes aside mail.

176 CLOSE - ONE FOOT

176

falls on showroom floor.

- 177 CEILING - SONIC SENSOR 177
with red light. LIGHT starts BLINKING.
- 178 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S EAR - DAY 178
to tape recorder speaker HEARS: beep... beep... beep.
- 179 BARRY'S WATCH 179
9:00:59.
- 180 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - MAN - DAY 180
approaches rear of a showcase.
- 181 HAND 181
grabs radio microphone on alarm unit. The unit BEEPS
LOUDER, FASTER.
- 182 MACRO-DISPLAY WINDOW CORNER: HALF INCH PICK-UP 182
is taped to the glass..
- 183 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY'S WATCH - DAY 183
9:01:06... 9:01:07... 9:01:08. BEEPING is LOUDEST.
- 184 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - MAN'S MOUTH - DAY 184
says:
MAN
'Mexico.'
- 185 INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - BARRY 185
hears, through earphone:
MAN (O.S.)
(radio filter)
'Mexico.'
- BEEPING quits. There's a CLICK.
- 186 RECORDER POTENTIOMETER 186
needle goes flat.

187 BARRY

187

rips his gear down, throws it in a salesman's case and takes off.

188 THE STAIRCASE - OVERHEAD ON BARRY

188

descending in the vertigo angle with "Mexico" the code word.

CUT TO:

189 INT. ROCK-A-GO-GO - FRANK - DAY

189

collecting receipts and going over the tally sheet with the BARTENDER. LOUD NOISE of an argument and the Jukebox BLASTING in the b.g. A fight almost starts at the shuffleboard game. A man breaks it up. Frank pockets a roll of cash and leaves. On the open door... HOLD. As it starts to close on the air piston:

190 BARTENDER

190

BARTENDER

(into phone)

Yeah. Rock-A-Go-Go.

(no answer)

Hello? Hello?

CUT TO:

191 INT. TAHOE PHONE BOOTH - BARRY - DAY

191

Frank didn't answer, so Barry hung up. Frustrated.

CUT TO:

192 EXT. GRAND AVENUE - TRAVELING WITH FRANK'S CADDY - DAY 192

by the "El" tracks -- fast. HOLD. Then:

193 UNMARKED CAR

193

with Urizzi and Watts follows a block behind -- the two detectives from the stake-out outside Leb's.

194 EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY FREEWAY - ON-RAMP - FRANK'S ELDO 194

through streets. Frank is about to turn off Grand onto the freeway.

194 CONTINUED: 194

Frank's turn signal CLICKS. Urizzi and Watts hit the SIREN and FLASHER and cut in front of Frank right in the middle of the street. TIRES SQUEAL.

195 FRANK 195

puts up his hands and doesn't move. He's careful not to provide an excuse to be shot. Traffic is blocked. HORNS BLOW. Frank couldn't care less.

196 URIZZI AND WATTS 196

approach with a 12 gauge service revolver drawn on Frank.

URIZZI

(shouts; 12 gauge up)

Out!!

Frank climbs out. Urizzi kicks his legs apart. Watts frisks him, the shotgun at his head.

URIZZI

(continuing)

You're under arrest!

(beat)

Driving without a taillight.

197 WATTS 197

on cue, kicks in one taillight. On his foot going through the red plastic lens --

CUT TO:

198 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FRANK - DAY 198

is punched in the body by two bulls we've never seen before. They take turns. He's hit five, six times. Short, choppy blows.

199 FRANK 199

can't breathe. His eyes are rolled back in his head. He passes out.

200 BULL ONE 200

throws water on his face and slaps him a dozen times. Frank comes to -- choking, getting the air down. Bull one slugs Frank again in the stomach. Bull two kicks his chair over. Frank goes on the floor -- face near a drain. Bull one kicks Frank in the kidneys. Frank jerks his head against the wall.

201 WIDE FROM THE REAR 201

The two bulls -- totally expressionless, totally unemotional -- leave the room and close the door. Frank makes grating sounds trying to breathe. Then the door opens.

. 201 CONTINUED:

201

ANCELL

(laid back)

Pick him up, huh...?

Watts ENTERS the FRAME followed by LT. BILL ANCELL -- a big man with brown hair and a brown moustache. Watts picks up Frank and stands his chair upright. Frank's gasping, hacking, coughing.

202 WIDE

202

SGT. MARTELLO and Urizzi enter.

MARTELLO

I am Sergeant Martello, you ever heard of me?

FRANK

No. I never have...

(beat)

Since the police department does not hire... too many Puerto Ricans...

MARTELLO

Asshole, I'm an Italian.

Ancell smiles. Frank hurts. He spits, turns to the wall...

FRANK

... pleased to meet ya... you wop sonofabitch!

203 WATTS

203

makes a move -- and is caught by Ancell's big hand. Frank hacks again. He spits blood against the wall.

ANCELL

(looking at Frank)

Watts, beat it! Urizzi, do you mind?

Watts and Urizzi leave.

ANCELL

(continuing; to Frank)

... stand-up guy. You're a stand-up guy... you can take a trimming.

FRANK

Yeah...

ANCELL

You could make everything easy for everybody. But, no, you gotta be a goof. You are real good. No violence. Strictly professional. I probably like you personally. Go to the track, ball games, stuff like that? What's the diff? You know?

(MORE)

ANCELL (CONT'D)

There's ways of doing things that round off the corners and make life easy for everybody. What's wrong with that? There's plenty to go around. We know what you take down. We know you got something major coming up soon.

(beat)

But you gotta come on like a stiff prick! Who the fuck do you think you are? What's wrong with you?

MARTELLO

Nick Pollo and Frank Sandler started making waves. After? They called us the Hefty garbage bag brigade...

Big joke. Frank's still hurt.

ANCELL

You got something to say? Or you waiting for me to ask you to dance?

FRANK

It ever... occur to you... to put down your own scores?...

ANCELL

(nods; finality;
leaving)

... Okay. This guy's a goof.
Screw him...

MARTELLO

(leaving)

We're gonna be on your ass so much you'll apply for unemployment. Or you get careless! And on that day I'm gonna be in that house!

FRANK

(after, to Martello;
stopping him)

And that is the last fucking place ... you want to be... no matter what happens... I will never ever take a pinch... from some greasy motherfucker like you!

MARTELLO
 (shouts; reaches
 Ancell; stops
 him)
 I'm gonna blow you right
 outta your socks!!!

FRANK
 (shouting -
 back)
 ... fucking, dancing
 and shooting go both
 ways!! Anybody ever
 tell you that?

Ancell drags Martello out.

ANCELL
 (cool; tired; to
 someone else)
 C'mon! C'mon! Cut him loose.
 Get him out of here!

As Ancell holds Martello back...

CUT TO:

204 INT. ROCKET CAR SALES, OFFICE - FRANK AND LEO - DAY 204

we CUT in mid argument. Attaglia is in b.g. Frank's
 a wreck..

LEO
 Pay 'em!
 (beat)
 I'm telling you in a strong
way!

FRANK
 No.

LEO
 They got a hard-on for you!
 I'll pay you back! Why not?

FRANK
 'Cause you don't run me. I run
 me. And I run me my way.

205 LEO

205

LEO
 You're gonna run no ways is what
 you're gonna do!... You're open
 season!

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

(to Attaglia)

... You can't talk to this guy!
You can't do him favors! You
can't take care of him. You
can't do shit!

PHONE RINGS. Frank lets it RING. We know it's Barry.

FRANK

(shouts)

I owe you something? I'll pay you
off right now!

LEO

(hollers)

Pay me! Don't pay me. Pay them!
Pay them!

(beat)

You got a beer around this joint?
I'm dyin' of thirst.

Frank finally grabs the phone.

FRANK

... In the fridge. Attaglia, help
yourself...

(into phone)

Yeah...

BARRY (V.O.)

(phone filter)

Is that you?

Frank quickly turns his back to Leo. They quieten.
Tense.

FRANK

(into phone)

Yes.

BARRY (V.O.)

(phone filter;

low)

We are on. You understand?

FRANK

(into phone)

I understand... goodbye.

Frank hangs up. Leo at the fridge: the cops, the argu-
ment, the beer, forgotten.

CUT TO:

206 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1, TRAVELING - URIZZI AND WATTS 206
- NIGHT

Watts drives. In the back seat is a short wave receiver that flashes red and BEEPS. It's highly directional and works off a parabolic dish antenna mounted on the dash that Urizzi manipulates. Urizzi gets on the mike:

URIZZI
(into mike)
16 Alpha 4.

MARTELLO (V.O.)
(filter)
Yeah.

URIZZI
(into mike)
We're set.

CUT TO:

207 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 2, TRAVELLING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT 207

Two cops in this car are BUKOWSKI -- a large, beefy man and Sgt. Martello.

MARTELLO
(into mike)
10-4.

CUT TO:

208 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI - NIGHT 208

hangs up the mike. He adjusts the parabolic dish antenna.

209 URIZZI'S POV 209

The dish is in the f.g. We PULL PAST it and TIGHTEN into a very LONG SHOT of: two blocks up in the traffic ... a yellow Eldorado.

CUT TO:

210 INT. ELDORADO - WIDE - NIGHT 210

It's Frank. Barry's with him. They drive through downtown. Frank turns on the RADIO. It PLAYS "Be-bop-A-Lula."

211 WIDER - CHICAGO

211

on a wet black night rolls by: marquees, street people, crowds -- all fast, bright, a distorted neon maze. Our people are silhouettes against it, moving through it.

212 EXT. RANDOLPH STREET - FRANK'S ELDORADO

212.

Turns into the Trailways Bus Station forecourt.

CUT TO:

213 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI AND WATTS - NIGHT

213

a quarter mile back. The BEEPS get LOUDER.

URIZZI

(into mike)

Pull in, pull in!! He'll spot us
... he stopped.

Watts curbs the car, killing the lights. Tense waiting.

CUT TO:

214 EXT. LAKE STREET - UNMARKED CAR NO. 2 - NIGHT

214

Martello and Bukowski... Curbed, waiting.

CUT TO:

215 EXT. TRAILWAYS BUS STATION AND HOT DOG STAND - FRANK'S CADDY - NIGHT

215

parked -- engine running -- Barry Stratagakis behind the wheel; Mitch Kanoff in the back seat. They don't talk.

CUT TO:

216 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI - NIGHT

216

The BEEPS change pitch and FADE.

URIZZI

(into mike;

excited)

Hit it! They're moving again!

CUT TO:

217 INT. FRANK'S CADDY - WIDE - NIGHT

217

gliding SOUNDLESSLY from the parking lot onto Wabash under the "El" tracks, turning right onto Wacker Drive -- moving through the lights. A black river reflects everything off to the right. We HEAR the BEEPER CLICKING.

CUT TO:

218 INT. UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - URIZZI AND WATTS, TRAVELLING 218
- NIGHT

The BEEPER CLICKS. It's a reassuring sound. It's a nice night.

URIZZI

(into mike; assured;
relaxing)

... okay, okay. We got 'em.
We got 'em... Stay cool...

MARTELLO (V.O.)

(radio filter)

Drop back a mile. 10-4.

Urizzi relaxes, breathes easily now.

CUT TO:

219 EXT. INTERSTATE - TRACKING ON UNMARKED CAR NO. 1 - 219
NIGHT

Urizzi and Watts in their cars slip onto the freeway.

WATTS (O.S.)

(easy)

Whaddya think they're gonna put
down?

URIZZI

(cool)

I don't know. But we're gonna
be right there. Right on their
ass. Wherever they go. And
then bingo: Dodge City. Coffee?

PULL AWAY AND INTO A LOW HELICOPTER SHOT from unmarked car no. 1 up the freeway and line of cars about a half mile. As the BEEPING gets LOUDER, as we PASS trucks and cars and APPROACH the BEEPER'S source, we expect Frank's car... The BEEPING is LOUDER... Instead we FIND a Greyhound Bus. TIGHTEN ON baggage compartment. Frank dumped the beeper on a Greyhound Bus on its way, to:

220 ROLLER LABEL: "DES MOINES, IOWA." 220

Urizzi and Watts, Bukowski and Martello are tailing a bus to Des Moines.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. L.A. ROOFTOP - WHITE LIGHTS - NIGHT 221

like diamonds, city lights against the black night sky from an L.A. rooftop. They're taking down the L.A. score. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Frank and Barry.

222 BARRY'S 222

industrial sabre saw blade WHINES and cuts through black tarmac and wood. He strips back the 90 lb. sheeting exposing wood planks laid crosswise over beams. He quickly rips up the sawn sections revealing the space then the sheetrock ceiling underneath. Barry attaches a suction cup and saws out a 10" disc of sheetrock.

BARRY

(softly)

... okay.

223 FRANK 223

moves to the hole, lies prone, feels inside.

224 CLOSER 224

Frank strains.

FRANK

(whispers)

Got it. It's 18 inches in.

Then with a bendable prod with a mirror clipped to the end, a voltmeter with four alligator clips and a by-pass, he moves to the hole again...

CUT TO:

225 INT. 10-STORY ELEVATOR SHAFT - WIDE FROM BOTTOM - NIGHT 225

The interior space with the girders and cables for four elevators is dynamic in perspective and an agrophobiatic's nightmare.

225 CONTINUED:

225

From the top flutters a piece of tar paper. Then sand. Then some wood. Then a piece of insulation. The small debris beats a random tattoo on the top of the elevator. Slowly ZOOM THROUGH the cavernous vertical space. At the top we SEE a small hole and a disembodied hand in the vast ceiling of the elevator shaft cavity. It's the hole Barry drilled from the roof.

226 CLOSER - SMALL LIGHT AND MIRROR

226

Frank pulls loose the bundles of cables running across the roof. Each bundle is color-coded. Frank separates and unwraps the bundle of blue with yellow stripe.

227 VERY CLOSE - FRANK'S FINGERS

227

reappear with the voltmeter. He starts "working the pairs," i.e., testing pairs of cables in the "blue with yellow stripe" bundle for the low-voltage alarm system lines.

CUT TO:

228 EXT. ROOFTOP - FRANK - NIGHT

228

intently on the voltmeter, then into the mirror into the hole.

229 FRANK'S POV THROUGH MIRROR - HIS HANDS

229

clip the alligator clips from the voltmeter into first pair.

230 VOLTMETER

230

reads 110.

231 FRANK'S POV THROUGH MIRROR

231

clips into the next pair.

232 VOLTMETER

232

reads 220.

233 CLOSE - FRANK'S FACE 233
works. Another pair:

234 VOLTMETER 234
reads 20 volts.

235 WIDE 235
Frank reacts.

CUT TO:

236 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT CEILING - EXTREMELY CLOSE - 236
FRANK'S HANDS - NIGHT
like a surgeon's, cut and clip a bypass into the first
"blue with yellow stripe" 20 volt alarm line.

CUT TO:

237 EXT. ROOF - BARRY 237
reads the voltmeter.

BARRY
(whispers)
Voltage dropped to 16. You got
a drop! You got a drop!!
Frank doesn't answer.

238 FRANK'S POV THROUGH THE MIRROR 238
He clips into the second line of the first pair.

239 THE VOLTMETER 239
surges back up to 20..

BARRY
(into radio; tense)
We draw any heat?

CUT TO:

240 EXT. ROOFTOP #2 - JOE - NIGHT

240

JOE

(long pause; then
into radio)

Air's clean! You caught it!

WIDEN TO REVEAL he's prone with a Bearcat 210 scanner
and four other CHATTERING RADIOS monitoring the "air."

CUT TO:

241 EXT. ROOFTOP #1 - TWO WIRES - NIGHT

241

leading out of the black hole into the box of by-
passes. With a penlight flash Frank consults the
wiring diagram.

FRANK

Three more pairs...

Frank reaches down into the hole again... feeling...

CUT TO:

242 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - BARRY - NIGHT

242

outside the glass door, kneels. Alone. He pick
wrenches out the entire deadbolt with a lock pull.
Then he breathes and enters... TIGHTEN... Making for
the showcase and microphone on the alarm unit. He
grabs it and EXTREMELY CLOSE ON Mike and Barry's lips
saying:

BARRY

... Mexico.

CUT TO:

243 INT. JEWELRY SHOWROOM - FRANK - PAN AROUND - NIGHT
(LATER)

243

putting on an asbestos shrouded helmet and connecting
an oxygen mask. WIDEN. Windows are draped with black-
out tarps. Frank wears a full body asbestos suit. Two
tanks of nitrogen are on a trolly.

244 BARRY

244

enters and moves the nitrogen tanks as far from the
vault as possible.

245 FRANK

245

reaches for the adult version of what we saw in Maltz' scrapyard: a ten-foot long, steel pipe: the Burning Bar.

246 BURNING BAR - END SECTION

246

revealing the rods of copper and magnesium held and separated by insulation. Screwed into the rear is a pistol grip connected to the tanks of nitrogen. WIDEN.

247 VAULT

247

The door's massive and impressive. DOLLY TO the side: plaster board's been chopped out with sledge hammers to reveal the side of the vault.

248 MITCH CANOFF

248

enters with two more fire extinguishers. The show-room's a wreck.

249 MITCH AND BARRY

249

move as far away from the vault as possible -- into a corner, face away from Frank, pull tarps over themselves and put their faces in their hands at their knees. Their behavior looks excessive...

250 FRANK

250

starts his oxygen, flips down the helmet, ignites the portable acetylene torch. He adjusts the flame.

251 NITROGEN - FRANK

251

opens the valve. Now he re-adjusts the oxygen. Both gases now feed the Burning Bar. He carefully moves the Burning Bar towards the flame of the portable acetylene torch.

252 WIDE ON BURNING BAR END

252

Gas pressuring out makes wavy refraction of Frank's asbestos suited image in the b.g. moving the Burning Bar to the flame... Just as the gases torch the flame:

253 MASSIVE EXPLOSION

253

White light. NOISE. Frank blew everything up. Slow pastel images -- like retinal after-images -- rise out of the white heat. Slowly... it's recognizable as Frank. The ROAR is deafening. He moves the white center of heat to the vault.

254 THE VAULT

254

is a vague outline of silver in the whiteness. The heat hits it. Cement and molten steel EXPLODE away like liquid violet pebbles.

255 FRANK

255

is a pale and shimmering outline of silver and day-glo yellow in the burn-out. The silver turns iridescent blue. Frank pushes the bar through the vault. The colors shift to hotter silver.

256 BURNING BAR

256

consumes itself in yellow and white.

257 FRANK'S POV - THROUGH RED LENS

257

the cascade of white flames shears through the violet edged vault like butter.

258 BURNING BAR

258

is silver and white. Then it cuts out. Silence.

259 WIDE - THE ROOM

259

Curtains are on fire. Sprinklers turn on, spraying water. The black tarps over the window smolder. The rug is on fire. Frank stands there. Immobile, flames and smoke all around him. Showcases burn. The tarp over Barry and Mitch smokes. Plastic lamps are melted into pools of slag and science fiction shapes.

260 BARRY AND MITCH

260

extinguish themselves and then the dozen small fires all over the showroom with the chemical extinguishers.

261 FRANK

261

takes off the helmet, stares at the vault. One hand is burned; his face is black on one side. He could not care less.

262 FRANK

262

picks up a sledgehammer in his good hand and whacks the wall of the charred, corrupted vault.

CUT TO:

263 INT. DIAMOND VAULT - WIDE - NIGHT

263

Dark. Then half the wall falls out with a CRASH. It caves in part of the floor. HOLD. Light pours in through the smoke and dust. We SEE Barry and Mitch on the outside peering into the dimness... like the first people to enter Tutankhamen's tomb.

264 FRANK

264

further back, surveys his work. He looks around the room. He removes a speck from the side of his nose. He brings a chair over. He sits down. He looks at the vault. Mitch and Barry are scrambling around inside the smoking embers, burning themselves in their panic to scoop stones in piles where their sacks dematerialized. Frank calmly looks at his hand... then at the vault. He sits quietly. Satisfied. He looks out the window.

CUT TO:

265 EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH - SAND, WATER LINE, HORIZON AND SKY - DAY

265

nothing. An infant's face -- massive -- ENTERS THE FRAME. It's David. He's curious. April follows him.

266 WIDER - DAVID'S

266

naked. Josie enters and puts David into a knapsack over her bikini. Frank wears his trousers rolled to the knees and no shirt. Marie Stratagakis walks next to Josie. Frank's hand is bandaged and walks with Barry. Quiet. Then:

BARRY

You talk to Leo?

266 CONTINUED:

266

FRANK

(smiles)

We go home tomorrow. Payday's
Wednesday.

267 ANGLE

267

They're the only people on the beach. It's sun
drenched.

268 WATER

268

HOLD. Barry surfaces.

269 WIDE

269

Barry runs onto the beach. He chases Marie. He catches
her and throws her into the sand.

270 JOSIE AND FRANK

270

blase, walk on.

271 MARIE

271

is hysterical. Barry tickles her and starts ripping
off her bikini top. He kisses her breasts. She holds
onto his neck, tightly.

272 WIDE FROM DOWN THE BEACH - FRANK AND JOSIE

272

in the b.g. Barry and Marie make love at the water's
edge. Josie takes Frank's arm. Frank found a piece of
driftwood. The driftwood is smooth, surreal, timeless.
Off of it --

CUT TO:

273 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY DOORWAY - NIGHT (BLACK)

273

then Josie comes out of the bedroom. She just put
David down. Suitcases in the hall.

JOSIE

Ssshhh!

She and Frank tiptoe down the stairs.

CUT TO:

274 INT. LIVING ROOM - WOOD FIRE - NIGHT

274

roars. PULL BACK TO Frank in the red light. He feeds logs into the fireplace. Josie lays on the floor, her head on his thigh. Frank lays back and looks around.

275 FRANK'S POV - UPSIDE DOWN

275

The ANGLE SHOWS white wall, white ceiling, corners, Georgian bay windows, tops of doorways... very pleasant, very ordinary, very straight. Frank has constituted his family tableau and feels the full flush of spiritual well-being that's been coming for 19 years.

FRANK

Honey? You awake...?

JOSIE

~~MMMMMMMMMMMM~~...

Josie's eyes open. She looks at her husband. Her hand goes to Frank's thigh. Frank pulls Josie up next to him and she lies on top of him.

276 ANGLE

276

Josie, still half asleep, holds Frank's face in both hands and kisses his mouth. Frank pulls Josie between his legs and rubs her back under her sweater and his hand goes over her buttocks which are moving warmly and slowly pressing onto him. Frank slips off her jeans and she wriggles out of them and she undoes Frank's fly. She spreads her legs around Frank's hips and Frank pulls her onto him and they make love in front of the fireplace on the floor in their house. Frank turns her over and gets on top of her. His hands touch both sides of her face and they look in each other's eyes. Frank's hand caresses the hair back from her forehead -- like a little girl's. Frank's hand pushes the hair away from her ear and Frank strokes her forehead and she closes her eyes. And they make love.

CUT TO:

277 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - WIDE

277

Suburban, boring, anonymous. HOLD. The TREES RUSTLE in the wind. Then a car approaches and it's Frank's Eldorado. He gets out and crosses to the door. Rosa -- the zombie -- opens it.

FRANK

(dialogue for both)

I'm... Frank. Good, Rosa.

277 CONTINUED:

277

She walks away. Frank crosses in.

CUT TO:

278 INT. LEO'S BASEMENT - MIRROR AND GLASSES - DAY

278

A hand enters and reaches for one in the multiple reflections we SEE Mitch. WIDEN. He fills it with water and drinks as FOOTSTEPS become Frank entering the knotty-pine basement. Leo in a floral bamboo tub chair with a hi-ball is waiting. Mitch joins him...

LEO

There he is!

(nice)

How ya doin', Frank? You look great!

FRANK

Couldn't be better! Hey, Mitch...
What's to it?

LEO

I know this is what you are here
for, kid.

Leo tosses Frank a big envelope of money -- his payoff. Home free. Frank thumbs through it. Mitch refills his drink.

LEO

(continuing)

Mitch told me all about the score.
Said you're Mr. Wizard!!

Leo laughs.

MITCH

Where'd ya get the tan?

FRANK

This' cabin... this...

279 LEO

279

watches Frank; looks at Mitch. They wait. Attaglia enters.

280 FRANK

280

finishes counting. Something's wrong...

FRANK

Where's the rest?

LEO

Don't worry about it.

FRANK

What is this?!

LEO

That's your cash!

FRANK

It's light.

(beat)

\$830,000 is supposed to be here.
I count about seventy.

Frank is very quiet.

LEO

You're family. I made some
investments with the rest of your
end. I put you into the
Jacksonville and Fort Worth shopping
centers. I take care of my people.
Ask these guys...

FRANK

Leo... You will have to get me out
of the shopping centers.

LEO

I can't do that. How can I do
that? You're in, you're in... Plus
we got a major score in Palm Beach
in six weeks we got to talk about.Frank looks over his shoulder as if someone was behind
him.

FRANK

(to Leo)

You talking to me? Or did someone
else come in the room?

LEO

What's that supposed to mean?

FRANK

It means you're dreaming. It's
over. And this is payday.

LEO

I'm giving you the opportunity of
your life.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

I'm taking care of you. You gonna walk out the door? Where's gratitude?

(beat)

I got too high a regard for what's in the best interest of you and your family as well as myself to let that happen.

FRANK

(mild, tense)

Where's my end?

LEO

(reasonable)

You can't see day for night.

FRANK

What I see is you make out like a champ in surplus profit off of my risk, my work, my sweat. And that's okay. Cause I elected to be here. And our deal is I get my end! And I am out!

LEO

Why don't you join a labor union?

FRANK

I'm wearing it!

We know he refers to the .45 in his waistband.

MITCH

Frank... don't...

Attaglia moves.

LEO

I don't believe this guy. Get this guy out of here.

(to Frank)

You don't understand nothing about how it works out there, do you, Frank?

FRANK

I understand I get my end in twenty-four hours, or you wear your ass for a hat!

LEO

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

280 CONTINUED: (3)

280

Frank backs out. Leo watches Frank, calmly.

CUT TO:

281 INT. FRANK'S CAR - TRAVELLING - FRANK - DAY

281

drives as if he doesn't have to care about lights or traffic laws any more. The .45's on the seat at his thigh, cocked and locked. Slow drivers block him. He cuts through a Safeway parking lot knocking shopping carts out of the way. He pulls through...

CUT TO:

282 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ROCKET MOTORS - WIDE - DAY

282

Frank bounces over the curb rounding the corner, backs down the narrow alley scattering paper and clipping garbage cans. They dent the Caddy. Frank could care less. He skids to a stop behind the car lot and spills out leaving the door open, the .45 low at his side...

CUT TO:

283 EXT. ROCKET MOTORS - FRANK - TWILIGHT

283

crossing through the diffused chrome and color mosaic of cars to the sales trailer.

284 SALES OFFICE - DOOR'S

284

open. That's strange. Frank approaches, calls in:

FRANK

Barry...

No one's inside. It's deserted.

FRANK

(continuing; yells
out door to lot)

Hey, Bobby!!

285 FRANK

285

under row after row of naked light bulbs he turned on. They turn the place into a carnival. Frank through the cars and panel trucks... an ocean of chrome, color, fins and aerals.

285 CONTINUED:

285

FRANK /
(shouts)
Barry...?

286 IN GARAGE - BARRY

286

handcuffed and held by CARL and another heavy. We SEE Frank in the middleground and three other men behind trucks.

CARL
Answer him!

Barry doesn't. Carl whacks him across the face twice with the shotgun opening gashes.

BARRY
Frank!

Carl relaxes; then:

BARRY
(continuing)
... You're set up!

And Barry breaks away, knocking over the heavy as...

287 FRANK

287

anneals himself to the side of a van, looking for targets as...

288 CARL AND HEAVY

288

FIRE, blowing Barry up onto a work bench -- spilling cans of 30 weight oil -- and off onto the floor as...

289 FRANK

289

FRANK
Barry!!

Frank involuntarily moves forward and an unseen man bats a line drive off Frank's head.

CUT TO:

290 EXT. A & L BUMPER PLATING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

290

It's a brown brick el grimmo building off the Chicago River across from a small blast furnace and under a mini-forest of water towers on roofs.

CUT TO:

291 INT. A & L BUMPER PLATING - FRANK - NIGHT

291

on the floor his head near a drain. Blood, swill and other liquids flush into it from a constant hosing mechanism. Frank looks up.

292 WIDE

292

There are five men in the room. Leo in a stained coat, Mitch, Attaglia and two 300 pound black men. Bumpers are on a motorized track of clips that take them through acid sprays and into electro-plating vats. Barely we SEE one bumper's not a bumper. It's a man. The figure's obscured by the assembly line.

Attaglia's blase. He wipes a speck from the side of his nose. He'd love to lean all over Frank.

LEO
(to Frank)

Look.

Frank looks. We REALIZE the form is Barry. Frank looks away. Leo grabs his face. Mitch helps. The two men wrestle Frank's face around.

LEO
(continuing)
I said fucking look at him! Look what happened to your friend. 'Cause you gotta go against the way things go down. What's wrong with you?

(pause)
Then you flash a piece at me?! You one of those burned-out demolished whackos in the joint. You're scarey. 'Cause you don't give a fuck!

Leo kicks Frank in the back of the neck.

LEO
(continuing)
But don't come on to me now with your jailhouse bullshit!

Frank doesn't answer. Leo kicks him again.

LEO

(continuing)

'Cause you're not that guy! Don't you get it, you prick? You got a home. Cars! Businesses! Family! And I own the paper on your whole fucking life.

(beat)

I'll put your cunt wife onna street to be fucked inna ass by niggers and Puerto Ricans. Your kid's mine 'cause I bought it. You got him on loan. He's leased. You're renting him.

Frank: it sinks in. Leo watches it.

LEO

(continuing)

I'll whack out your whole fucking family. I'll grind 'em into dog meat. People'll be eating 'em for lunch tomorrow in their Wimpy burgers.

Frank doesn't talk.

LEO

(continuing)

You get paid what I say. You do what I say. I run you. I want, you will work till you are burned out, busted or dead. Fuck our deal. You get it?

Frank doesn't say one word.

LEO

(continuing; looking at Frank, but to two black heavies)

Clean this mess up.

One flips a switch. A heavy electric MOTOR WHINES to life. The line of bumpers and Barry jerks in slow progress towards the acid baths. Leo takes off the work coat. Frank has moved not at all. He said nothing.

LEO

(continuing; to Frank)

Get him outta here. Go back to work, Frank.

Barry groans as the assembly line moves. He's about to be processed through the acid baths.

292 CONTINUED: (2)

292

Anything is possible. Leo leaves. Barry disappears into the machinery...

CUT TO:

293 INT. BATHROOM - JOSIE - DAY

293

Frank is in the bathtub, clothes dumped on the floor. The water's pink with blood from his split scalp.

JOSIE

What has happened?! What happened to you?!

FRANK

Where's David and April?

JOSIE

... asleep. Frank?!

FRANK

I'm locked in. I'm stuck.

(beat)

And Barry's dead.

Frank looks away from her. It's not happening.

FRANK

(continuing;
looking away)

We're not going anywhere.

Josie gets up and leaves the bathroom.

294 WIDER

294

Frank alone.

CUT TO:

295 INT. CORRIDOR - JOSIE - NIGHT

295

leans against the wall. Thinking, processing the wreckage of their expectations. PAST her -- THROUGH the half open DOOR -- we SEE David's room and the night light falls on part of his crib and April down the hall. And then Frank, in a large terrycloth robe, is at her side. Josie breaks off from the reverie.

296 CLOSE - FRANK'S HAND

296

on her shoulder. She turns:

FRANK

(softly)

I can't deliver it. And I can't
even stop doing what I'm doing...
It's not what was supposed to be
our life. You know?

Beat. Frank goes into the bedroom, throws open drawers.
He wakes up David who starts to cry.

JOSIE

Frank!

Frank comes back out with the collage. David CRIES
over. Josie wants to go to him. Frank grabs her arm
and won't let her.

FRANK

This is it! Here it is! Eight by
four foot green rooms and not a
kind word my whole fucking life.
I made all this up. You. The
house. The kid. The works. From
books! You are a paste-up. That
has become real!

David CRIES in the other room. Josie just stares at
Frank. April starts.. She CALLS "Mommy."

FRANK

(continuing)

I can 'go the route like...

(snaps fingers,
parodying himself)

... that. 'Cause nothing means
nothing anyway...' 'Cause it
does...!

(beat)

It fucking does!! All of this.
All of this.

Josie stares at him.

FRANK

(continuing)

It is real!

(beat)

And they will grind you into dog
meat.

(beat)

So they got me!

(as if to them)

My life is yours! Right? Okay.

TIGHTEN. There's a look on Frank's face, a turn in his
eye that raises hackles.

297 WIDE - FRANK

297

grabs the phone.

FRANK

(dials; into phone)

Joseph. Get over here. Now!
You're going on a trip.

(hangs up)

Pack a bag.

JOSIE

(shook)

Frank...

(beat)

Frank!

FRANK (O.S.)

You're going away.

CUT TO:

298 INT. BEDROOM - JOSIE

298

enters, stares at Frank, wild:

JOSIE

We just disassemble it?! And put
it back in the box! Like some
erector set going back to the
department store! The miracle of
those children?

(shouts)

I love you. I'm not going anywhere!

Frank's pulling white shoe boxes of money out of the
closet.

FRANK

(quiet; final)

Leave everything. Do not pack.
Take nothing.

JOSIE

No!

FRANK

(low)

Dress the kids. Do it now.

JOSIE

Where are you sending us?!

FRANK

(low)

You will work it out with Joseph.
(MORE)

298 CONTINUED:

298

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (three shoe boxes)
 Here's \$410,000 here.

She throws them on the bed, spilling bills. Frank -- not missing a beat -- picks them up -- recovers the boxes.

FRANK
 (continuing)
 ... you give Joseph \$20,000. He stays with you for a month. You give him \$25,000 for the second month.

JOSIE
 When are you coming?! Where...

FRANK
 (interrupts; explodes)
 Never! Not ever. Okay? And I can't know where you are. So I won't know ... Don't you get it?! Now get the hell out of here!

Frank looks lost, walks out. HOLD ON Josie: desolated.

CUT TO: .

299 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE, REAR YARD - FRANK

299

almost lost in shadow in the f.g. He sits on the grass in his suede windbreaker. The rear door opens. Yellow light bleeds out. O.S. a CAR DOOR CLOSSES, a CAR STARTS.

CUT TO:

300 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - CRANE: JOSEPH'S CAR

300

pulling away down the street with Josie and children inside. As an afterthought she turns her seat to look at the house. CRANE UP AND WIDEN. No one's there.

301 EXT. REAR YARD - OVERHEAD - FRANK

301

laying on his back under his trees watching them RUSTLE in the breeze. The rest of planet Earth is under his back.

302 FRANK'S POV STRAIGHT UP - TREES

302

Frank's vision is lost in the stars. The BREEZE becomes a WIND. The trees RUSTLE LOUDER.

- 303 WIDE - LAWN'S 303
empty. Frank's gone. His shadow's SEEN in the house.
Rear door is open. Yellow light spills out.
- 304 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - WIDE 304
The same yellow tungsten light bleeds out from the open
front door.
- 305 FRANK 305
walks through the foyer. Relaxed. He does not look
around. In a smooth, easy manner -- as if he cared not
at all -- Frank lights a match, touches it to a book
and throws it into the living room.
- 306 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - WIDE ON FRONT - NIGHT 306
It EXPLODES. Flames fill the interior, widen. Frank
crosses TO CAMERA. He does not look back. INCLUDE the
Caddy.
- 307 FRANK 307
gets in behind the wheel.
- 308 INT. CADILLAC - FRANK 308
looks at the house. It is the image from the collage
that Frank put together during 17 years in his stone
cold cell. It is that dream manifested.
- 309 12 APPLE TREES 309
in the backyard shrivel from the flames.
- CUT TO:
- 310 EXT. ROCK-A-GO-GO - WIDE - NIGHT 310
It's closed. Frank comes out of the darkened interior
carrying a gym bag. He places it on the floor of the
car. Bag contains D 23 hand grenades. Frank climbs
into the Cadillac and leaves. HOLD. NOTHING. The
whole front of the Rock-A-Go-Go EXPLODES TOWARDS CAMERA.

CUT TO:

311 EXT. ROCKET CAR SALES - TRACKING PAST THE FRONT RANK 311
OF CARS FROM THE REAR - NIGHT

The first, second, third and fourth are blazing.

312 CLOSE - 1974 RED LINCOLN 312

the red paint blisters and peels in flame and EXPLODES.

313 OLDS - HOOD ORNAMENT 313

The yellow paint blisters black. It BLOWS UP.

314 INT. CADILLAC - CLOSE ON FRANK - NIGHT 314

climbing in. He's lit by the red firelight. Under the glow is a nihilistic satisfaction. He's destroying everything he's built. Smashing sandcastles. A smile crosses his lips. He likes it. Some paper flutters from his hand -- dropped. Frank drives away.

315 PAPER 315

is the paste-up. The jailhouse dream. It lays in the alley... discarded.

CUT TO:

316 EXT. SKOKIE, ILLINOIS - WIDE - NIGHT 316

Nothing. Then the Cadillac comes around the corner, lights off, and parks. Waits. Then Frank gets out the passenger door. Fast. He blends into the night and shrubbery of home fronts.

CUT TO:

317 INT. LEO'S LIVING ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT 317

A DOORBELL RINGS.

318 REVERSE - ATTAGLIA 318

comes from the kitchen. A .38 with a 2 inch barrel is in his waistband. He peers through the peephole. It's black. He can't see. 'Cause...

319 EXT. LEO'S DOOR - FRANK 319

covers it with his hand. The door opens.

- 319 CONTINUED: 319
- Frank knocks it into Attaglia stunning him, knees him in the stomach and smashes his head against the wall.
- 320 INT. LEO'S KITCHEN - LEO 320
- pulls a chrome .357 and hits the lights and hides behind the refrigerator.
- 321 INT. LEO'S LIVING ROOM - FRANK 321
- walks the space entering corners obliquely and clearing walls at his rear. INTERCUT HIS POV. At each dead area the .45 snaps up into firing position. Then down to see.
- 322 INT. LEO'S DINING ROOM - FRANK 322
- entering, moving. Opening shadowed corners, the .45 snaps to the fire position, then down to orange. He breathes heavily.
- 323 INT. LEO'S KITCHEN - VERY WIDE 323
- Frank enters. Sees corners, dead spaces, shadows. Among them the refrigerator. He closes the counter edge and moves along a wall. Leo spins out... snapping a wild SHOT. Frank FIRES TWICE blowing Leo 15 feet down the waxed checkerboard tile of his kitchen and raises the Magnum again. Frank's third SHOT kills him.
- 324 INT. DEN OFF KITCHEN - ROSA ALDERMAN - NIGHT 324
- Leo's 50-year-old zombie wife in her housecoat and run-down slippers, watches early morning TV on the formica and chrome kitchen table and doesn't react.
- CUT TO:
- 325 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - ATTAGLIA - NIGHT 325
- smashes the bay window, falls out and runs across the front lawn.
- 326 EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - STREET - CAR 326
- is open and Carl and Guard are running as Frank enters from the house. The Guard is hauling a S&W Model 79 small black sub-machine gun, Carl is bringing up his Ithica Model 17 shotgun as...

327 ATTAGLIA - NIGHT

327

almost to the sidewalk spins and FIRES wildly twice.
Misses. While...

FRANK

Vince!

328 FRANK

328

FIRES from a Weaver combat stance hitting the Guard.
TWICE. Frank speed reloads, FIRES ONE SHOT into Carl
who screams, HAMMERS ON TWO SHOTS into Attaglia and
Carl's shotgun FIRES, as Frank pans back, aims coolly.
FIRES. Carl's down.

329 FRANK

329

walks away leaving the Cadillac on the lawn in the
front of the house. The heavy .45 with the hammer still
back, hangs at the end of his arm. His face streams
blood.

330 TRACKING - FRANK

330

down the sidewalk. Neighbors in housecoats and robes
run past to see what happened. Half ignore him. Half
see the blood and the gun and back off.

CUT TO:

331 EXT. STREET - WIDE - DAY

331

It's summer. It's sun-baked. The sidewalks are pink
and hot. White and yellow frame houses line the street
under trees.

332 REVERSE - BLUE RENTAL CAR

332

approaches, searches, stops. Frank's driving.

333 FRANK

333

gets out. He looks different. Time's passed. He wears
jeans and a T-shirt and carries a long-sleeved shirt
over his shoulder. He checks an address. He's not sure
where he is.

334 EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - FRANK

334

rings the bell. No answer. He rings again.

334 CONTINUED:

334

He HEARS NOISE in the rear. He starts down the driveway toward the side...

CUT TO:

335 EXT. REAR YARD - JOSIE

335

in a bikini and sunglasses with a book and blue tumbler of water. Darkly tanned and oiled skin. The glasses reflect glare. She's on a pearl grey vinyl chaise lounge. INSECTS BUZZ. The air is viscous, hot, lazy.

336 APRIL

336

plays in an inflatable pool. The water is Dufy blue. She splashes.

337 DAVID

337

is in a Swedish playpen of translucent plastic webbing and rolls a plastic toy. He's on a green lawn under a lemon tree. TIGHTEN. He senses something, and, abandoning the toy, looks over...

338 APRIL

338

stops splashing and, getting excited, starts out of the pool...

339 JOSIE

339

slowly comes alert, seeing April, and takes off her glasses and turns, knocking over the tumbler of water.

340 FRANK

340

in the emerald green yard, sunlit -- stares at his family. WIDE INTO A TABLEAU as Josie is running to him. David stares. April moves for her father. Just before they all quite reach each other...

FREEZE

RUN END
CREDITS

- THE END -